

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## 100 PEOPLE TO BE KILLED NEXT WEEK

See  
Page  
Seven

### HAVE WE LIVED BEFORE?

#### THE IDEA THAT CAME SUDDENLY INTO LIFE

Remarkable Story of Gandhi's Willingness To Die

#### WHAT IT HAS DONE

*How many millions of people, we wonder, have smiled at the idea of Mr Gandhi's Fast, now over? Yet behind it all is one of the most remarkable stories in the world.*

By his dramatic action in preparing to die for them Mr Gandhi has won for the Untouchables a status beyond the highest hopes of himself or of the British Government.

It has for centuries been a belief of the Hindus that souls return to Earth in other bodies to live their lives again, the good in higher castes, the bad in lower. It is a doctrine of Reincarnation, the idea that we have lived before.

#### Time and Thought Move On

Who could imagine that this old idea could suddenly become an important factor in a political crisis in these days? Yet something like this is true. But time and thought move on, and Hindu reformers have arisen who have felt that it was not right to keep these Depressed Classes for ever in the position of outcasts. They number over forty millions, and we describe their fate on another page.

The British Government has long realised that something should be done for these people, and last August allotted 71 seats in the Provincial Legislatures to direct representatives of the Untouchables in special constituencies. This was done because the Hindus could not agree among themselves.

Mr Gandhi declined to accept the British Government's award, fearing that it would drive a wedge into Hinduism and give a sort of legal recognition to the existence of the Untouchables; and he declared his intention of dying for the cause of these unhappy people.

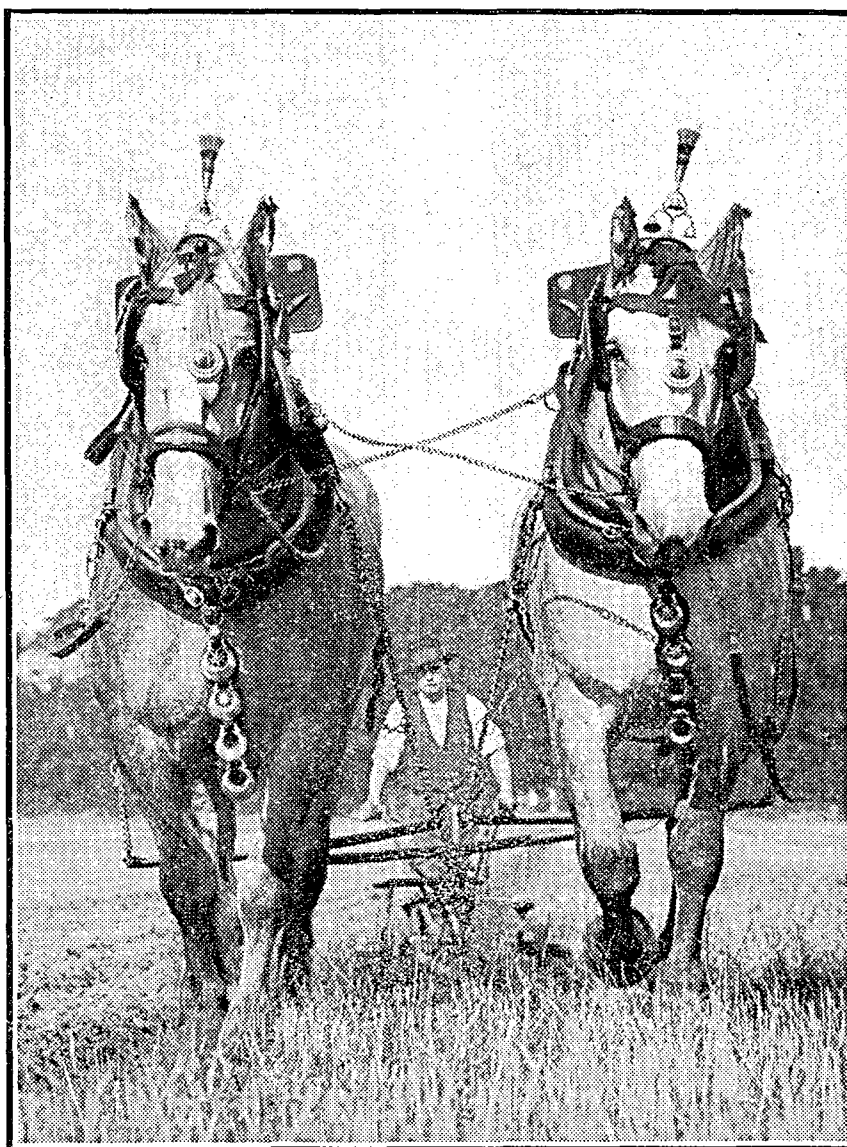
#### What the Hindus Realised

The British Government declined to withdraw what they considered was just treatment of the Untouchables and refused to accept responsibility for Mr Gandhi's death, and the Hindus thereupon realised that the death of Mr Gandhi would be laid at their door. The Hindu leaders met the leaders of the Untouchables, and an agreement was reached at Poona which gave 148 seats to the Untouchables, these seats being reserved for them in the general Hindu constituencies. Not only was this arranged amicably but efforts are to be made to give these unhappy classes a fair share of representation in the public services.

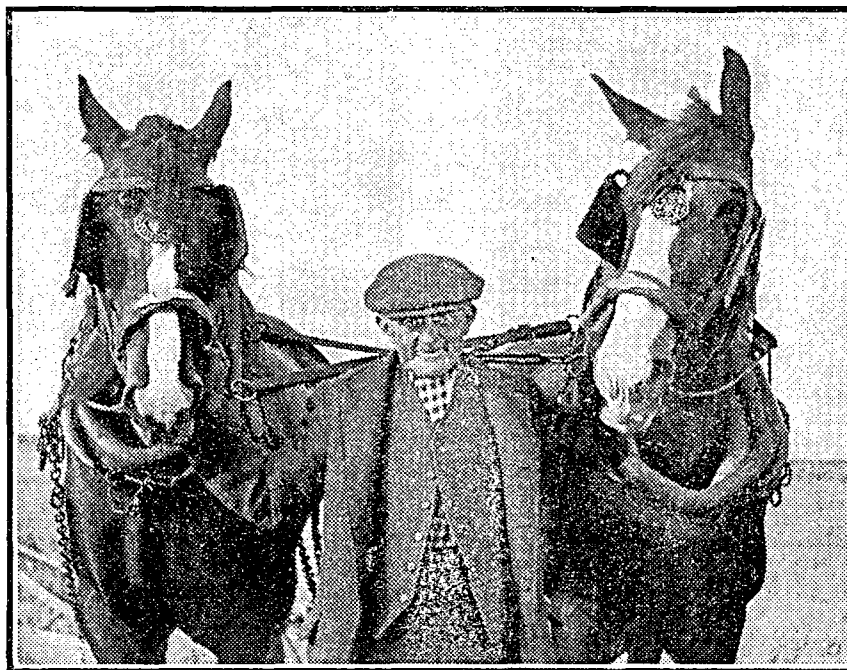
*Mr Gandhi knew his people. What Reason could not do, what Love could not do, the fear of losing their leader has done.*

Our Government agreed to this at once, and Mr Gandhi broke his fast.

### Autumn Ploughing



Many ploughing matches are held during the autumn. This picture was taken during a contest at Chertsey in Surrey.



One of the competitors in the Middlesex Agricultural Society's ploughing championship at Harmondsworth was Mr Henry Davis, who is seen here. He is 75, has been a ploughman for 60 years, and has won the championship fourteen times.

### GIVERS AND TAKERS

#### TWO SORTS OF PEOPLE

A Little Tale Which Points Both Ways

#### THE MAN, THE LEMON, AND THE DOG

The world is divided into givers and takers, and the takers seem to have the best of it; but have they?

An incident witnessed the other day by one who was passing along the embankment in Budapest may be taken to point either way.

The sky was blue, the Sun was shining, and on the benches under the horse-chestnut trees people were sitting enjoying the morning air. Suddenly an old gentleman came hurriedly up the steps leading to the water's edge and began excitedly explaining that he had dropped something into the river.

"There it goes!" he cried; "whatever shall I do?" There was a policeman near, but he could do nothing; nor could anyone else in the crowd.

#### A Thrilling Swim

Then, in the very nick of time, there arrived on the scene another old gentleman leading a big Newfoundland dog on a leash. He needed but a glance to grasp the situation, unhook the leash, and send the dog bounding into the water to retrieve the lost treasure.

The crowd on the bank watched with bated breath as the animal swam out and away, far, far downstream, but always true to the direction indicated. There: he had got it. He was turning round and swimming back, laboriously working his way upward against the force of the current. Now he bounded up the steps, shook himself, and proudly deposited his prize at his master's feet.

What could it be? wondered one who had but just come on the scene, imagining all sorts of precious objects. He craned his neck inquisitively and espied—a nice, ripe, yellow lemon.

"I gave 16 fillers for it," said the first old gentleman, snatching it eagerly from the hand of the dog's owner. "I must say I'm glad to get it back."

#### No Thanks

He said no more, not even "Thank you," and walked off with the lemon tucked snugly in his pocket. The little crowd also dispersed, and no one was left on the edge of the water but the dog and his master.

"He might have bought you a bun, old man," said his master, patting the dog's lean flanks a little ruefully; but the dog barked and gambolled joyously around him, too proud and pleased over his feat to think of buns. The owner of the lemon probably heard his barks, and thought to himself grudgingly that dogs have their uses, after all, and he did not know that he had just missed a double pleasure—that of saying "Thank you" with all his heart and that of seeing a hungry dog with a bun.



## THE PLANT THAT MUST DIE

### Killed By Its Own Flowers

#### A MIRACULOUS BLOSSOMING IN LONDON

There is no need to travel to the ends of the Earth to make strange and wonderful discoveries.

If they had only known of it millions of Londoners might have lately seen a rare and wonderful sight near the Great Portland Street entrance to the Broad Walk in Regent's Park.

Two American agaves, usually known as hundred-year-plants, which have not blossomed for over sixty years, have burst into flower.

What amazes the botanists is that two of these plants should bloom together. They tell us such an event is almost unique in the country and has never before been known in London.

People who heard of this rare happening and made pilgrimages to Regent's Park were rewarded by seeing within a few yards of each other two great candelabra of yellow flowers, nearly 12 feet high, crowning the great blue-green spiked leaves of these strange plants.

#### The Supreme Event

It was a wonderful sight. But something of tragedy lies behind the flowering of these plants, which for sixty years have been tended so carefully in greenhouses and in the open air.

Agaves do not survive the effort of blossoming, and these fine plants are doomed to die. After so many years of preparation the supreme event of their lives ends in a fatal climax. This was why the park authorities were alarmed when they discovered last spring that the agaves were beginning to bud. The larger and finer the plants had grown the more they had dreaded that this might happen, and so they have been more sad than proud to see the wonderful array of blossom, knowing that these old inhabitants of Regent's Park will soon be no more.

## THE PITY OF THIS THING

### Homeless Unemployed

#### SAD REPORT FROM THE POTTERIES

The other day action was taken by the local government authority against unemployed families of Burslem and Stoke-on-Trent, in the Pottery district, who, lacking homes, had contrived some sort of rough shelter by rigging up tarpaulin and blankets over pieces of furniture and boxes.

In one case the prosecuted family was found to have formed a shelter by stretching a tarpaulin over four posts. In another the family had formed a sort of cave by stretching sheets and blankets over an enclosure made by standing up some bits of furniture. In yet another case a man, his wife, and four children were prosecuted for living in a rough structure made of old doors and bed covers.

Thus to live is an offence against English law, and the magistrate who heard the case had to administer the law. Accordingly he imposed a fine of ten shillings upon each of these unfortunate families! We cannot call them cave-dwellers because, alas! their shelter was inferior to that owned by our barbarian ancestors. They at least could form a structure of clay and shelter themselves without fear of punishment by a magistrate.

As we need hardly say, we cannot and do not blame the local authority and the magistrate for enforcing the law. We must, however, extend our hearty sympathy to families who desire to evade the stigma of the workhouse, and we cannot reconcile our conceptions of government with the destitution of these poor people of the Potteries. Our land is full of work waiting to be done.

## A Breach in the National Wall

### WHY 11 MEN LEFT THE GOVERNMENT

#### Lord Snowden's Farewell After Nearly Fifty Years With the Prime Minister

#### DANGER OF BRINGING THE EMPIRE INTO PARTY POLITICS

##### Sir Herbert Samuel's Case

This is from Sir Herbert Samuel's letter of resignation, explaining why he and his 11 colleagues have felt compelled to leave the Government in which they represented millions of Liberal votes.

THE task should have been to assist by every possible effort in freeing the world from the network of tariffs, quotas, and all kinds of commercial restrictions which, by universal consent, are the principal hindrance to a return to prosperity.

Instead of doing this the Government has itself built up an immense and intricate system of similar restrictions, intended to be lasting.

The results so far have been profoundly unsatisfactory.

The policy of Protection, by limiting imports, has cut into our exports; it has reduced by one-fourth our valuable re-export trade; it has contributed greatly to the laying-up of hundreds of thousands of tons of British shipping in recent months.

The numbers of the unemployed, which were beginning to diminish after we left the gold standard, have increased in the last five months by 300,000.

##### Some Objections

Our principal objections to the Ottawa Agreements are these.

1. In our view the whole policy of hard bargaining on trade matters between the Governments of the Empire is wrong.

We regard the continued unity and harmony of the British Commonwealth of Nations as of supreme importance.

2. The agreements, signed by our delegates include an undertaking that the Parliament of the United Kingdom will not reduce certain duties without the consent of the Dominions.

Apart from the question whether any Government is entitled to give such an undertaking, Parliament itself cannot.

It would purport to bar a Parliament from reducing taxes levied at our ports, unless the Governments of other parts of the Empire had given their consent, even though there might have been a clear mandate from the electorate that it should do so. Such a proposal is, in our view, wholly unconstitutional.

3. The World Economic Conference is about to meet. It is essential that we should be free at that Conference to enter into any arrangements that are practicable and advantageous for the expansion of our trade with foreign countries, which is by far the largest part of our commerce. The Ottawa Agreements would tie our hands.

4. The tariff concessions to be made by the Dominions and India will undoubtedly be of some benefit to some branches of our trade.

But the volume of our exports that might be affected is too small for these advantages to make any substantial difference to our unemployed.

To the question of migration within the Empire, either now or in the future, no reference whatever is made.

5. On the other side of the account there are to be imposed or made permanent a series of taxes or quota restrictions on a long range of foodstuffs and raw materials.

We regard the agreements, taken as a whole, as a danger to the best interests of the Empire, a derogation from the powers of Parliament, a barrier to removing the restrictions on the world's trade, a burden upon the British people, and a probable cause of increased unemployment and social unrest.

##### Lord Snowden's Case

Lord Snowden's broadcast appeal, by universal consent, brought the National Government millions of votes a year ago. This is from his letter of resignation, explaining why he has left the Government he helped so powerfully to put into office.

I CAN no longer, without loss of all self-respect, remain a member of a Government which is pursuing a policy which I believe is disastrous to the welfare of the country, which will lead to the disruption of the Empire, and which is fraught with great danger to our international relations.

I took my part in forming the National Government. I helped to secure the national victory at the polls last autumn. I did this on your assurance, and that of Mr Baldwin, that a National Government, reinforced by a popular mandate, would work only in the national interests and would not be used for party purposes. But for some time now it has become increasingly clear that the Protectionist section of the Government were determined to carry through a full Protectionist policy, using you, and using us, as instruments.

##### Changed Conditions

The conditions have changed since last year. The main purpose for which the National Government was formed has been achieved. When the Conservatives first joined the National Government the question of tariffs was never raised.

We were rushed into the imposition of unprecedented temporary duties to deal with the abnormal importations; and then, before the results were determined, the insatiable appetite of the Protectionists produced the permanent tariff scheme for general Protection.

Six months experience of the working of tariffs has disillusioned every unprejudiced Protectionist. None of the blessings which were to fall upon and fructify the sterile industrial soil have descended.

Our foreign trade has considerably declined; unemployment has greatly increased; the policy has led to more foreign reprisals and restrictions.

##### The Result of Ottawa

The British Delegation went to Ottawa with the declared intention of increasing inter-Imperial trade, and securing a general lowering of world tariffs. They have come back, after weeks of acrimonious disputes and sordid struggles with vested interests, with agreements wrenched from them to avert a collapse of the Conference, agreements to maintain existing tariffs, to increase existing duties on food imports, to impose a duty on wheat, and to raise the price of meat and bacon by some incomprehensible plan for restricting foreign imports. These agreements deprive us to a great extent of the use of our tariff as a bargaining weapon.

The Dominions are to have a free market here while retaining their protective, and often prohibitive, duties against British trade. The Dominions are to dictate to us where we shall buy and where we shall not buy.

The agreements have surrendered our fiscal autonomy and handed over to the Dominions the control of British trade policy, reducing this country below the status of a Dominion.

You cannot expect Free Traders to acquiesce, even passively, in such a policy of national humiliation and bondage.

##### Pronunciations in This Paper

Cambyes . . . . . Kam-by-seez  
Chandrakona . . . . . Chan-dra-ko-nah  
Chrysoprase . . . . . Kris-o-prase

## A GOOD THING DONE

### Versailles Treaty Altered

#### HAGUE COURT RESTORES AN ANCIENT RIGHT

French territory round the Swiss Canton of Geneva has recently been subject to arbitration by the Hague Court, and France has shown grace in accepting a decision adverse to herself.

Upper Savoy and the district of Gex are separated from the rest of France by the Jura and other mountain ranges, so that the French inhabitants of these regions have always used the Swiss town of Geneva as their market.

So convenient was this that after Waterloo the French fixed their Customs barrier well within their political barrier to enable the people of Gex and Upper Savoy to trade freely.

##### Free Zones Again

In the Treaty of Versailles, however, France obtained a clause permitting her to abandon the arrangement in the Treaty of 1815, and she accordingly moved her Customs line to the frontier. Switzerland, which had no part in the Versailles Treaty, at once protested, and at last the dispute has been settled and the Customs barrier moved back, so that Gex and Upper Savoy become Free Zones again, while remaining, of course, under the fiscal laws of France.

The practice of centuries has finally prevailed over a theoretical right, and Geneva will now welcome French neighbours unharassed by interviews with red-tape officials.

It appears to be the first change that has been made in the Versailles Treaty, and is perhaps a good omen, for immense changes must be made in the Treaty if the world is to be sane and safe again.

## DOG OVERBOARD

The American liner City of New York, coming from the Cape, arrived not long ago nearly a day late.

The reason was an unusual one, being due neither to bad weather nor to a breakdown. It was because a superb Danish dog, belonging to a wealthy passenger, had jumped overboard.

Nobby Dick was a general favourite, and passengers and crew were immediately on the look-out. At first the captain refused to stop, but at length he yielded to the appeals of those around him.

A boat was lowered, but for a long time Nobby Dick succeeded in keeping out of its way. The weather was very hot, and he was too happy enjoying his swim. Finally he had to be lassoed and hauled on board.

For punishment the captain condemned him to plain fare and four days of rigorous imprisonment.

New York having been informed by wireless of all that had happened, the ship was met on its arrival by a crowd of photographers, all wanting to secure a snap of this new swimming champion.

## THINGS SAID

These motor-cyclists are a pest of the road.

A Manchester magistrate

There are more families without homes in London than there were ten years ago.

Sir Raymond Unwin

It is not possible to keep a first-class Power in a second-class position.

The Times

I've fallen in love again! Once more with another country.

Chief Scout on Holland

Where steel joists are being put together by a pneumatic riveter a lion would roar in vain.

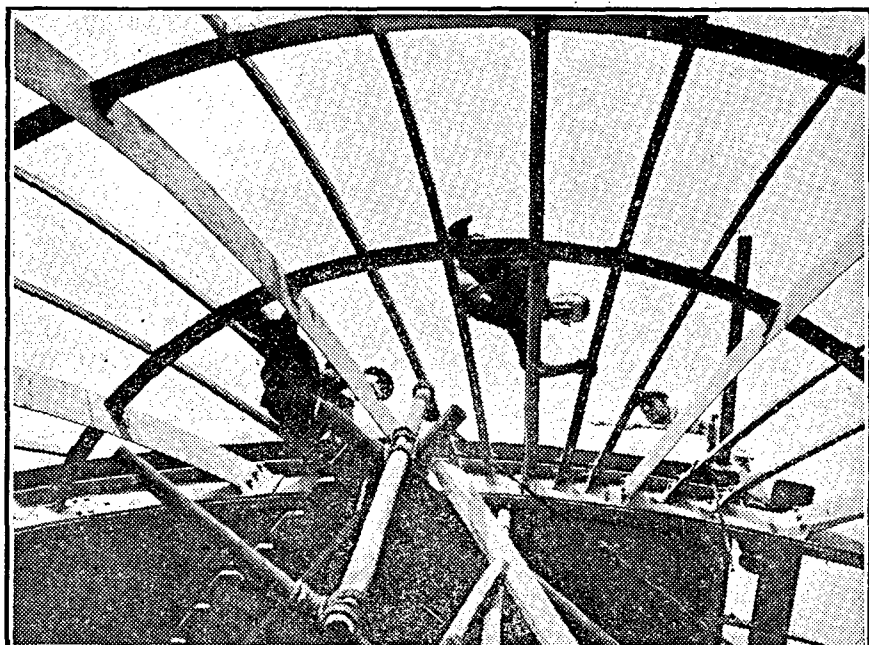
Dr R. T. Beatty

Millions of American men and women face the approach of winter with fear in their hearts for themselves and their children.

President Hoover



# THE BARREL RACE · WALKING ON THE THAMES · GREENLAND ESKIMOS



**New Greenwich Dome**—Workmen are here seen constructing the dome of a building at Greenwich Observatory which is to house a new 36-inch telescope given by Sir Frank Dyson.



**The Potato Harvest**—These boys and girls have been helping to gather the potato crop at Scampton in Lincolnshire, where the season is now in full swing.



**The Barrel Race**—A race in which girls in barrels were rolled along caused much amusement at a recent sports meeting. The competitors enjoyed it as much as the onlookers.



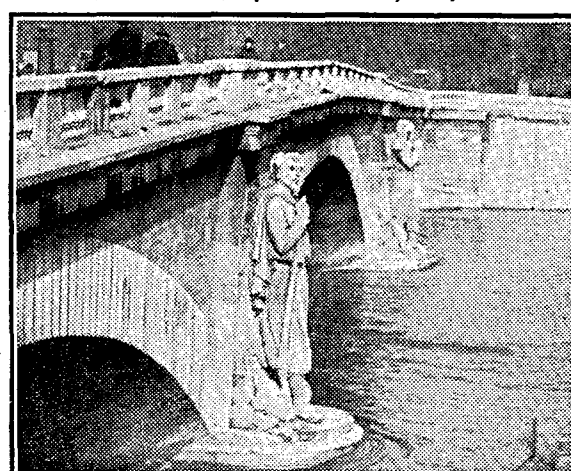
**The Leader**—The pipe-major of the bluecoat band was able to display his prowess with the staff when the boys of Christ's Hospital at Horsham paid a visit to the City of London.



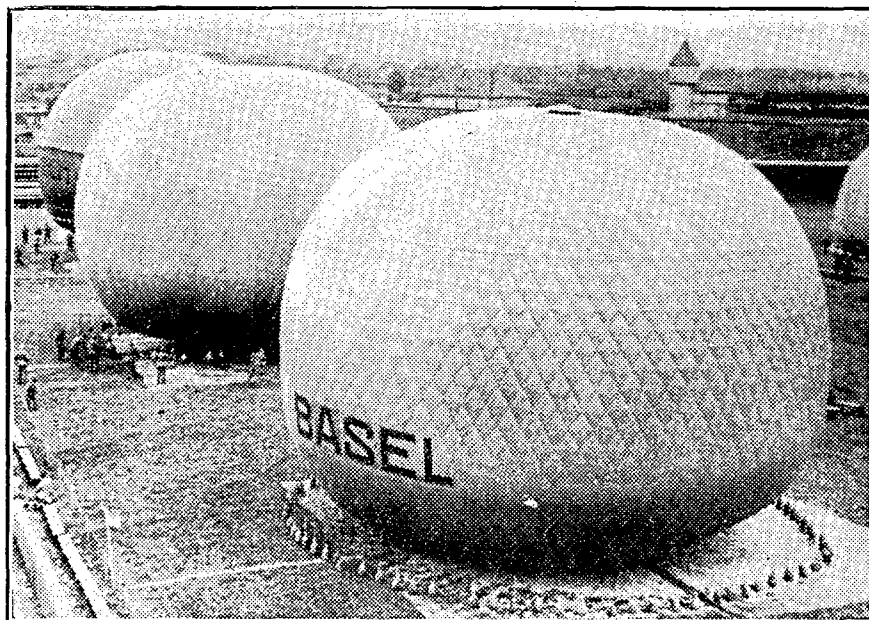
**Lundy Children**—A C.N. reader visiting Lundy Island took the photograph of these children. "We are the only children on the island except three babies," they said.



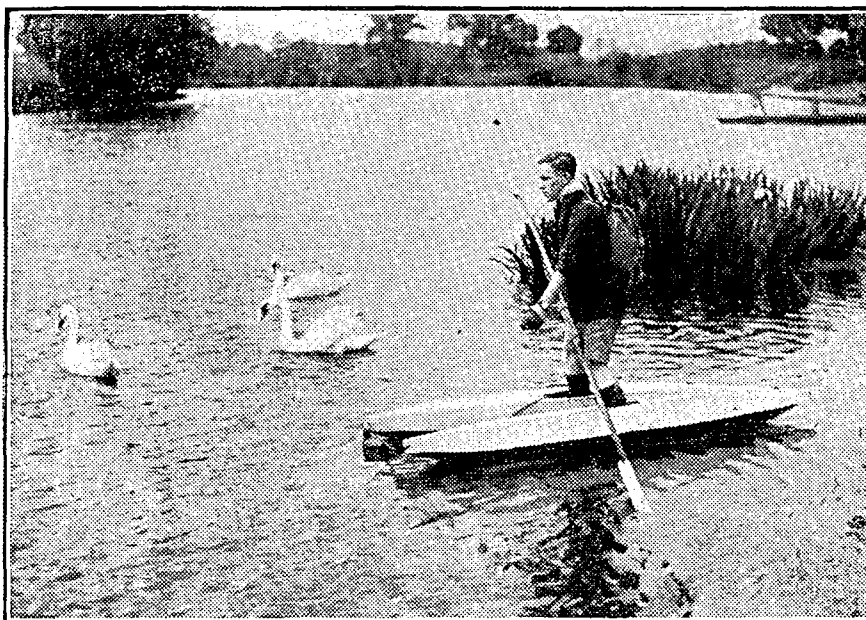
**Eskimos of Greenland**—This photograph, taken recently on the Greenland coast, shows a happy party of Eskimo women and children. The costume of the women is very similar to that of the men, for they wear trousers and knee-boots.



**Famous Figures To Go**—The Zouaves on the Pont de L'Alma in Paris are likely to disappear owing to alterations to the bridge. In winter Parisians anxiously watch the waters of the Seine creep up these figures toward the flood level.



**The Balloon Race**—Here are three of the balloons which took part in the Gordon Bennett race, which began at Basel in Switzerland. There were sixteen balloons in this year's race.



**Walking on the River**—A Hampstead man has been spending a walking holiday on the Thames. He uses floats and helps himself along with the aid of a paddle.



## BIG FIELDS IN LITTLE ENGLAND

### March of Mechanised Farming

In the last few years changes have taken place in British agriculture which bid fair to revolutionise our ideas of farming.

A machine has been introduced which cuts, threshes, and sacks the grain, wasting none of it. This wonderful invention cannot, however, be used in small fields.

Therefore we shall probably see the throwing together of small fields to make big ones, with the consequent cutting down of hedges and trees and a great change in the appearance of the country.

It requires capital to command the Combine Harvester, and therefore the system is being introduced of contracting, the big machine being owned and handled by specialists.

While the effect is to reduce the amount of labour employed, wages should be raised and the food supply substantially increased.

## WONDERS OF PANAMA

### The Great Canal in Use

The Panama Canal, which cuts the Isthmus of Panama and joins the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, was opened to commercial traffic in August 1914.

In the 18 years that have elapsed it has established itself as an invaluable link of world commerce.

In the twelve months ended June this year nearly 24 million tons of merchant ships passed through the canal. In 1928, 1929, and 1930 the total reached nearly 30 million tons a year.

Of the ships using the canal, nearly 11 million tons were American, nearly six million were British, one-and-a-half million Norwegian, one-and-a-quarter million German, nearly a million Japanese; the other main users were Italy, France, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden.

Thus 46 per cent of the merchant ships were American and 25 per cent were British.

For geographical reasons the number of merchant ships passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific is greater than the number making the passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Of passenger-carrying ships, however, the great number move in the Pacific-Atlantic direction.

*See World Map*

## CHILDREN'S CONCERTS

### Beginning Again

Three hundred years ago our little island was one of the most musical countries in Europe.

Then something seemed to go snap, a century or so later, as if all the strings of England's merry fiddle had broken.

The new winter programme of the tenth season of the Robert Mayer Concerts for Children reminds us that a wonderful change for the better is taking place this century in English musical taste; and in teaching boys and girls to enjoy listening to the best kind of music these concerts are doing an immense amount of good.

Nearly 40,000 children are expected to attend the concerts held in London and the suburbs during this season, a sign that the movement is growing surely in popular favour.

For the seven concerts to be held in the Central Hall at Westminster a fine programme has been prepared. Readers will be glad to hear that Dr Malcolm Sargent will again conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra and give more of his delightful talks.

It is good to know that children's concerts have proved so popular in Yorkshire, Derby, and other places that they will be repeated this winter. Six will be given at West Ham.

## The Untouchables

### The Most Pathetic Group of People Anywhere in the World

THE great out-caste population of India, the Untouchables, who have been so vital a factor in the affairs of India of late (as is explained on page One) are the most pathetic great group of people in the world.

There are over forty millions of them. Most people know of their existence, but few realise what a large proportion they are of the population: about a sixth of all the people in the country!

They include the aboriginal tribes of India, the people who were enslaved by the ancient conquerors. They do the lowest kind of necessary labour.

### Loathed, But Indispensable

They are not only outside the society of the caste folk. They are regarded with loathing and disgust, although everyone knows that society could not exist if it were deprived of their services. They are not allowed to live in the villages, but must keep to their own quarters outside. The Indian village, as a rule, is carefully tended; the quarters of the Untouchables are abominable. No person belonging to a respectable caste will go near them.

The Untouchables are not permitted to enter the shops; in many parts of India they may not even show themselves in the bazaars. Not only is their touch pollution; if so much as a tiny shadow from an out-caste falls on a member of a high caste he is defiled and must go through a process of cleansing.

In many cities, especially in the south, where the pride of Brahman power has always been greatest, the Untouchable must turn aside from the road whenever he sees a Brahman coming toward him.

### Condemned For Life

In all the world there is nothing more piteous and more devoid of hope than the condition of the Indian Untouchables, for they are the victims of a system that is thousands of years old. The man that is born into any one of their divisions is condemned for life, and his children after him, to servitude in a despised and oppressed class.

He must stay with his own people and share their lot. He cannot rise out of their ranks; he cannot give his children a better start in life. He cannot move into another city or district, and if he were to do so he would still be an Untouchable. His work and his habits would tell what he was. He could not deceive the Hindus around him.

### Foundations Crumbling

Through the years the voices of Indian reformers have been raised against the conditions of life imposed on these people by Hinduism, but for the most part they have been lonely voices, and the hearts of Hindus generally have remained unsoftened. Three thousand years of caste, with the system treated as if it were divine, is a very difficult thing to break down. But it is happening. The foundations are crumbling.

For there are now in India many agencies by which the lot of these wretched people may be lightened. In all India the schools to which they are admitted number several thousands, and the authorities in several provinces offer them scholarships.

The tribes that are given to criminal ways have been made the special care of the Salvation Army, which, with Government assistance, has established settlements where they are looked after and taught to earn a decent livelihood. Many thousands of the oppressed classes find work in the factories of the industrial cities, and so earn wages far beyond what they could earn in their old occupations.

Large numbers are now organised into cooperative societies, and for the first time we may see signs of real self-help

among these millions of people who before the British period had been doomed to live, age after age, without the glimmer of hope in their lives.

Some of India's leading reformers are strongly of the opinion that in two or three generations more the caste system will have gone altogether. That may be too hopeful a dream, but it is true that the last few years have witnessed substantial changes, and the movement will gain impetus as it goes on.

### Effects of Western Influence

The change is due largely to the effects of Western influence and to the requirements of civilisation, but in a very large measure it is due to Christianity. The gospel of the brotherhood of man as preached by Christian missionaries is having a great attraction for the millions who have for so long been regarded as lower than the animals.

In Hinduism there is no question of brotherhood. A thousand years before Jesus told the world that the "least of these" was His brother the Hindu holy writings told how Manu the lawgiver had said that the low-caste man was created to be the slave of the Brahman; and of late years these low-caste and no-caste men have been turning toward the promise of fuller life.

When they become Christians they leave behind them their old stigma of being untouchable, and in the Christian community they may acquire whatever standing their abilities fit them for. From various parts of the country reports are being received of really extensive movements in the right direction. At present the two most important are in East Bengal and the Punjab, where large increases in the Christian Church are reported to be taking place.

### New Point of View

But the important thing about these movements is their effect on Hinduism itself. The appeals of its own earnest thinkers left it unmoved, but now that there is a chance of these millions of people being lost to Hinduism a different point of view has been created, and measures are being taken to relieve the lot of the out-castes.

Once they were not permitted to come near a Hindu temple lest they should defile it by their presence, but certain temples are now being thrown open to them.

Only recently an out-caste child would have been refused admission to an ordinary school, for if such a child had been admitted the teachers and the other children would have left in a body. Now high and low-caste boys may be found sharing the same classroom, and in some cases low-caste teachers of undoubted ability may be found teaching the sons of Brahmins.

### A Hopeful Fact

The British Government never recognised any distinction, and would as readily appoint an out-caste as a caste man to an official post; but even the Government was powerless when no one else would work with the out-caste.

Now members of the despised classes are getting into good appointments and showing themselves worthy of them.

And the hopeful fact is that caste India is raising no objection to all this. The spirit of the times, the influence of the West, the uplifting of Christianity, and the Hindu's fear of losing so many followers to Christianity are all operating to free these forty millions from a life that is worse than slavery, and so to weaken the caste system as a whole, for the system rests almost entirely on the existence of a servile class.

Most important of all, the change now working is bringing nearer the day when Indian people will be able to take over the whole government of their country without involving it in disaster.

## BIRDS AT CHURCH

### Two Stories That Did Not End Happily

Several letters from readers have shown us that it is no unusual thing for a bird to fly into the open door of a church. A friend of the C.N. tells us this little story.

When going to see a Sussex church the other day he was surprised to see a little bird standing up in the aisle, with its feet on the grating. It seemed alive, but on going up to it our friend found it dead in that odd position.

From a young Leicestershire reader we have an account of a swallow which flew in at the door not long ago of the little church of Thorpe Satchville.

All through the Communion service the poor little prisoner flew round and round, high up near the roof, seeking an outlet. The Sunday School children, who came to church later, watched it sadly. The organist tried to drive it out with a long mop; but it only flew up and down the church out of reach, too frightened to fly lower.

Evening service came and it was still there, flying round and chirping pitifully. The next day it was worn out through so much flying about without food or water.

Poor little bird! A few days later the churchwarden found it, lifeless, on one of the seats. There was nobody in the village who did not pity the sufferings of this little friend of man, who could not understand that the people in church were friends who were trying to help it to regain its liberty.

## THE LEAGUE'S WIRELESS

### A Weekly Talk About Itself

The League of Nations has now a powerful short-wave wireless station placed at its service in connection with the Swiss broadcasting authorities. We are now going to get news first-hand from Geneva itself regularly.

The Secretary of the League, in his first talk, said that these talks were going to be interesting as well as useful.

It is not easy to know what people in America and Australia and Japan want to hear, so they are to have a chance of asking questions of the League and getting answers. This will be done through the newspapers. Each week a press correspondent will send in a set of questions to Geneva, like an examination paper, and the Secretariat will answer him in his own tongue. The answers will then be translated into English, French, and one other language.

The International Association of Journalists is to ask the first set of questions and then the Secretariat will have its work cut out to answer all the questions in the short time of one talk each week.

## OUR TRADE WITH DENMARK

### The Exhibition at Copenhagen

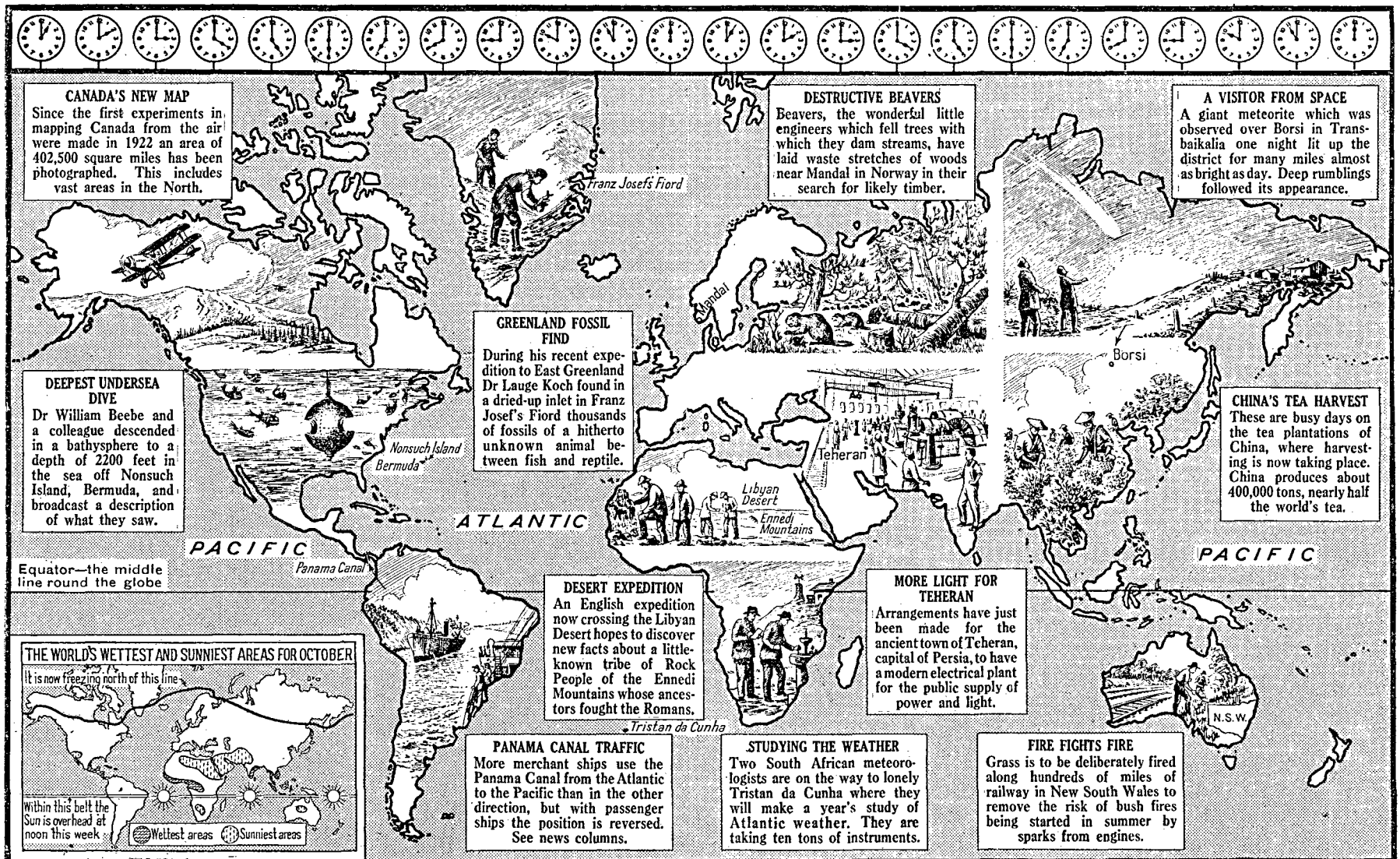
The exhibition of British industry at Copenhagen and the happy occasion of the visit to that delightful city of the Prince of Wales should serve to remind us all, if the reminder be needed, that in Denmark we have a market which, if small, may easily be made secure.

Our own country is, naturally, a splendid market for Danish produce, and it is all to our mutual advantage that both countries should trade together. We hope, therefore, that nothing in the Ottawa Agreements will be found to mar commercial relations which have been happy for so long.

What is true of Denmark is true also of Argentina, although Argentina is, of course, a very much larger country and one whose future bids fair to make her one of the great States of the world. Here, too, it is of the utmost importance that nothing should be done to spoil relations based upon mutual respect and mutual advantage.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE FUTURE OF ST DUNSTAN'S A Hostel For Youth of All Nations

St Dunstan's, the famous London house which has been empty for four years since it ceased to be the headquarters of the movement for training war-blinded soldiers, may be converted into an international hostel for children.

If the scheme matures children from all over Europe will gather here for a stay of a week or fortnight to study and visit places and things of interest in London, and Regent's Park may become in the course of time the greatest Children's Park in Europe.

The School Journey Association, a voluntary body of 4000 teachers who arrange educational holidays for more than 50,000 schoolchildren a year, is sponsoring the equipment of the house. They have approached every teacher in Britain to enlist the support of organisations such as Chambers of Commerce and educational bodies. A third of the sum required to convert the building into a hostel has already been subscribed, mostly by the teachers themselves, and as soon as the fund is completed the work will be begun.

## THE BUILDERS

They have a complete railway system at the Margaret Beavan Open-Air Schools in Liverpool; and the children have made it themselves. It runs round the school grounds—double and single tracks, bridges, viaducts, stations, and a terminus with four platforms! It was all made in the crafts-room, even the moulding of the rails. And now they are setting about electrifying it.

They have also made a big town, accurately built to scale. There are in it a town hall and a theatre, as well as houses and shops.

All the models have a proper place in the constructive teaching which is being carried on in the schools.

## BATTLE OF THE GRAIN Mussolini's Wheat Triumph

The great Battle of the Grain in Italy has resulted in a triumph for Signor Mussolini.

It will be remembered that he moved Italy to undertake a progressive wheat campaign with the object of producing more food for the people without recourse to imports.

It is now announced at Rome that this year's wheat crop amounts to 276 million bushels, whereas before the war the average crop was 180 million bushels.

There has been a certain addition to the cultivated land, but for the greater part better results have been secured by better farming, the yield per unit of area having been enormously increased.

The last return shows for England and Wales a yield of only 38 million bushels.

## AUNT ISABEL

The most famous of Nannies is dead. For 47 years she had been the loved and loving nurse to a Sussex family. There are many other Nannies who have lived as long with one family, but she was the only one with a Prime Minister for nephew.

Her name was Isabella Ramsay, and she was 84 when she died in the house of the family she had served so long.

Mr Ramsay MacDonald with Miss Ishbel MacDonald and his sons Alastair and Malcolm hurried to see Aunt Isabel in her last sleep, only 24 hours after the Premier's daughter Joan was married.

Aunt Isabel's must have been a singularly happy life, for she had spent her life in loving service to others, the Christian ideal, which always brings a rich reward in contentment. And then she had the natural pride of basking in the reflected glory of her nephew's greatness.

Happy Aunt Isabel!

## SPAIN MOVES ON Eight Good Things Done

The Spanish Republic, having decided to bring its laws into line with international social legislation, is promptly turning words into deeds.

It has lately ratified eight conventions of the International Labour Office.

These conventions, wherever they are put into force, are making such beneficial changes in conditions of work and in the lives of workers that a repetition of their contents will hardly come amiss. The particular eight recently ratified by Spain are important. One prohibits the employment of children under the age of 14 in agricultural undertakings, at least during school hours; one guarantees to agricultural workers the same rights of combination as to industrial workers; one prohibits night work in bakeries; one makes it compulsory to mark the weight on heavy packages transported by vessels so as to prevent accidents through overloading; one concerns protection against accident to workers loading ships; one abolishes forced or compulsory labour; others regulate the hours of work in offices and coalmines.

## THE CHEMIST'S BIBLE

A wonderful book has just made its appearance in a new edition, the first for 18 years.

The book is known officially as the British Pharmacopoeia, although its unofficial title of The Chemist's Bible perhaps gives a better idea of what it is all about. This book, which has taken ten years to prepare, gives particulars of every drug used in medicine. It is published by the General Medical Council, and 50,000 copies of it are to be issued to chemists, doctors, hospitals, and laboratories.

At a conference of chemists held at Aberdeen last month many new methods and formulae were discussed for inclusion in the next edition of this important work, which is to appear in 1940.

## A WONDERFUL NEW LAMP Cheaper and Better Light

The electric lamp filled with vapour of the metal sodium, the invention of which was mentioned in the C.N. a short time ago, has just been installed along a mile of road in Holland, where it has given such brilliant illumination that cars can at night-time be driven at sixty miles an hour without headlamps.

The real importance of the sodium lamp is that it makes electric light almost three times as cheap as the gas-filled lamp, giving six candle-power per watt instead of two.

The bulb is shaped something like the bottle of a thermos flask, with a double glass wall having a vacuum inside, and the light is caused by the glow of an electric discharge in a mixture of neon gas and sodium vapour.

The light is very soft and gives hardly any glare.

## MADE IN SHEFFIELD

We have before us a penknife for which one shilling was paid not long ago. That, of course, is a low price, but we can see no reason why a good penknife should not be sold at the figure. This particular sample is not good. It will not cut easily the cedar wood of an ordinary lead pencil.

Yet, we regret to say, the blades are marked Sheffield Make.

We are moved to say to Sheffield that if a penknife that will cut cannot be made for a shilling Sheffield should not sell a shilling penknife.

Also we hear the continued complaint that in every packet of razor blades that is sold there is what Father calls a dud. It seems that this is almost always so, and we are puzzled to know why. These, of course, are not necessarily made in Sheffield.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 15 1932

## National or Party?

TO the regret of all who, half afraid that it must happen, have been trying to avoid it, there has been a break-up in the National Government.

The immediate cause of the break-up is the Ottawa Conference, and there are two points of view of what has happened. The Prime Minister and those who remain in the Cabinet feel that the troubled state of the world is above all other things, and that unity must be preserved until the world is straight again. Lord Snowden and Sir Herbert Samuel maintain that the power of this country to help in world recovery has been weakened by Ottawa, because the British Government has surrendered the right to decide about tariffs without consulting the Dominions.

The ministers who have left are convinced that it is vital for the Government to have its hands untied and to be free to do what it likes at the World Conference coming on. They consider it intolerable that the Cabinet cannot decide its policy on vital matters until New Zealand, Canada, Australia, and South Africa have been consulted.

Lord Snowden, whose support of the Government did more than anything else to secure its victory, regards the Ottawa Conference as the beginning of the break-up of the Empire. What will happen, it is asked, if a General Election decides for Free Trade? Is the Government not to be able to give effect to the national mandate without permission from the Dominions?

As the Prime Minister remains in the Government we may all feel that the worst of Lord Snowden's fears will not be realised. It would be a thousand pities if the national character of the Government were to be entirely destroyed and we were flung back into all the petty squabbles of parties. It cannot be denied, on the other hand, that millions who voted for the Government have great misgivings as to whether the Government is not ceasing to be national. It is felt that too little has been done to assist in world recovery and to find work for the unemployed, and that the policy of economy has been driven too far. Most of all it is felt that the Government has failed to represent the nation on Disarmament and that its weakest point has been where it should have been strongest, in the Foreign Office.

We look forward to the life of the new Government in the hope that it will leave no stone unturned to free trade from the shackles that are ruining it, and to free us all from the armament burden too heavy to be borne.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John, Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Master

WE have come upon a word written long ago by the greatest of our living poets, in which Sir William Watson modestly writes that, though he may possibly be the worst poet that ever lived, he is no man's disciple.

We are moved to add what Sir William would hardly add for himself but which is beyond all challenge true: that, while he is the disciple of no poet, he is the master of many.

## The Widow's Mite

A VERY large number of British widows and orphans now obtain pensions. At the end of last year there were just over 670,000 widows and 323,000 orphans enjoying them.

This beneficent work takes a high place in British social legislation. It means that a very large number of hardworking women are assisted to maintain their children.

We think the time has come, however, when a young widow with no children and with ample opportunity to earn her living in a good home should not be expected to throw herself upon the charity of her heavily-burdened countrymen.

## The Rich and the Poor

WHO can divide the line between the rich and the poor man? asked the Philosopher's companion.

He is rich who, when he reckons up his accounts, has saved a pound, but he is poor who owes one, the Philosopher answered.

## Too Bad For the Kinema

THE fact that a film has been booted off the screen at a London picture-house is not a little sad, for kinema audiences are not very critical.

We hope the incident will be taken to heart by those responsible for the production of pictures. A film that is too bad for a kinema audience must be very bad indeed.

## Sport and Speed

ON Saturday, September 24, a 500-mile motor race was run at Brooklands, and in the course of it a young racing motorist was killed, his car dashing off the track.

We deeply regret to observe that in this, as in other similar cases, the race was continued as though the fatality had not occurred. It is bad enough that a valuable life should be thrown away in the senseless worship of speed. It is worse that these things should be treated so lightly that the race is continued after a death as though nothing very particular had occurred.

Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation. Jesus

## Road Crimes

WE have said before that we are inclined to think there are no accidents. Now we take this fact from the latest Safety First report, to which we refer elsewhere:

One thousand people were killed on the roads in July and August; 750 could have been saved if the Highway Code had been kept.

So that at least three-quarters of these cases were not accidents. We are bound to call them crimes.

## Tip-Cat

WE hear of men not satisfied with the five-day week. Offer them a five-day week-end.

A LOCK of Napoleon's hair has been sold for a pound. Mussolini's barber can't start saving too soon.

A WOMAN of 101 has never seen a motor-car. Perhaps that is why she is 101.

THE man who can stand up and talk for hours about nothing is a genius, says a writer. Sounds more like a bore.



What are elderberries when they are young

The really economical ones have no tops either.

IT looks as if the next war will be fought in the poorhouse.

HARROGATE is full of well-known people. We hope the unknown ones are well too.

SPECIAL tennis courts are to be made for servants. Where they can play without a break.

A HIKER declares that Essex is the best county for walking. And that's flat.

SOMEONE says motor spirit could be made out of vegetables. Probably gives his motor-car beans.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ST JAMES'S CHURCH at Cheltenham has two centenarian members.

A SATURDAY half-holiday is now compulsory in Argentina.

HARROW COUNCIL has refused to fell twelve willows to make way for electricity wires.

A FARM labourer of 74 has gone for a Mediterranean cruise with three-penny-bits saved for 19 years.

## JUST AN IDEA

Let us open our eyes, lest they be opened painfully for us.

## The Little Lady Wonderful

By Our Town Girl

As the C.N. has lately been telling us, Countess de Caen was with thousands of soldiers as they died in the war, and has travelled 120,000 miles bearing messages from them to their relatives. Our Town Girl has lately had the honour of meeting the Countess, and she sends us these lines.

SHE took a little lamp of love  
(Gentle she was, and frail)  
Through ranks of stricken men,  
as once  
Went Florence Nightingale.

So close to war she went, so close,  
Selfless for suffering's sake,  
Passing no agony without  
A blessing in her wake.

SOME men unlearned in ways of  
God  
She taught to understand,  
And some held out their hands to  
feel  
In theirs a sister's hand.

AND many a boy by whom she  
leant  
Was smiling as he died  
Because it seemed to him there  
stood  
His mother by his side.

THEN to each broken home she  
went,  
All unsolicited,  
Bearing upon her steadfast heart  
The tidings of its dead;

SHE brought his love; she told  
of hope,  
How each one, through his pain,  
Felt that the parting was but brief,  
And Love would join again.

## To Some Little Friends

YOU must go, while we must  
stay  
Till the snow comes, fair and still,  
Whitening on the once green  
lawn,  
Whitening on the slumbering hill.

YOU'LL be then where summer is,  
Will no longer be our guests:  
Clinging to our eaves we'll see  
Little brown and empty nests.

WHEN about the hearth we creep,  
And the daylight takes its  
flight;

When the rose trees are asleep  
In the garden grey with night,

BY the fire we'll dream of days  
When once more the sight  
of you

Tells us that the spring has come,  
Little swallows, swift and blue.

Marjorie Wilson

## Every Morning

Let every dawn of morning be to  
you as the beginning of life, and every  
setting Sun be to you as its close: then  
let every one of those short lives leave  
its sure record of some kindly thing  
done for others, some goodly strength  
or knowledge gained for yourselves.

John Ruskin

## Bad Times

Why slander we the times?  
What crimes  
Have days and years, that we  
Thus charge them with iniquity?  
If we would rightly scan,  
It's not the times are bad, but man.

Joseph Beaumont



## WHY NOT A LEAGUE OF CHURCHES?

### AN IDEA FROM A GENEVA PULPIT

#### Canadian Preacher's Appeal to the Peoples

#### ENGLISH SERVICE FOR THE ASSEMBLY

By Our League Correspondent

Once more in St Peter's Cathedral at Geneva a League of Nations service in English was held before the opening of the Assembly.

It is an uplifting experience to find oneself within this church, whose grey walls for centuries have known only the sound of the French tongue, and to sing there the hymns that are known wherever English is used. People of many nations gathered there while the great bells clanged overhead.

A succession of eminent ministers have preached at these annual services, and this year we listened to Dr Charles Gordon of Canada.

#### A Grand Opening

The glorious music of Wagner's masterpiece, the immortal Parsifal, made a grand opening; lessons from the Old and New Testaments were read by Lord Cecil and by the pastor of the Protestant Church of Switzerland; and the clergy of the English, Presbyterian, and American Churches in Geneva took part, one occupying the straight-backed chair used by Calvin nearly four centuries ago.

The preacher's theme was of John the Baptist, in prison, losing faith and hope and sending his two messengers to Jesus to ask: "Art Thou He that should come or look we for another?" We know the answer: how Jesus bade them wait and watch while He healed the sick, made the deaf to hear and the lame to walk, and raised the dead to life. Then He sent them back to John to tell him that they had seen with their own eyes these works of healing, had heard with their own ears the Gospel preached to the poor; and a special message for John was added, that blessed is he who is not afraid to bear his cross.

#### The Remedy

The preacher's meaning was clear: the world, like John the Baptist, has lost its faith, and as a result has become economically and industrially unstable, intellectually bankrupt, and spiritually impotent. He quoted the conviction of a British statesman that all our difficulties are really spiritual. The remedy for the world now is as it was for John long ago: Go to the Fountain-head of Life and Love and learn how the sick may be healed and the poor blessed. On our Earth the Christian Churches are the regents of Christ's kingdom, and the blame for the state of the world, the preacher declared, lies largely at their doors. They have not come together in fellowship to work for the common good; they have kept aloof from international relations.

Why is there not a League of Christian Churches for world peace? he asked. Such a league might make decisions that would influence Governments and help economists to lead the world out of its present disasters. To the world, as to John of old, might be shown deeds of mercy and of love which would restore men's faith, which would persuade them once more to believe that God is near, even within our own hearts.

#### WORK FOR WASTE POWER

With most engines there is a great deal of wasted power.

In an attempt to make use of some of this wasted power a new device is being installed in three heavy engines built at the Crewe works of the L.M.S.

The device is known as a feed water-heater and it is designed to reclaim waste heat from the exhaust for use in heating the water as it enters the boiler.

## FATHER'S FIDDLE

For years the lumber-room had been left in dusty solitude. Occasionally someone opened the door to fetch a trunk, or to deposit a bundle of old fire-irons; but nobody spent any time there because no one cares for rubbish.

But one day someone came to look at those aged bits. He thought they might be dignified by the title of antiques. So he began to poke about, and found a Stradivarius violin dated 1713.

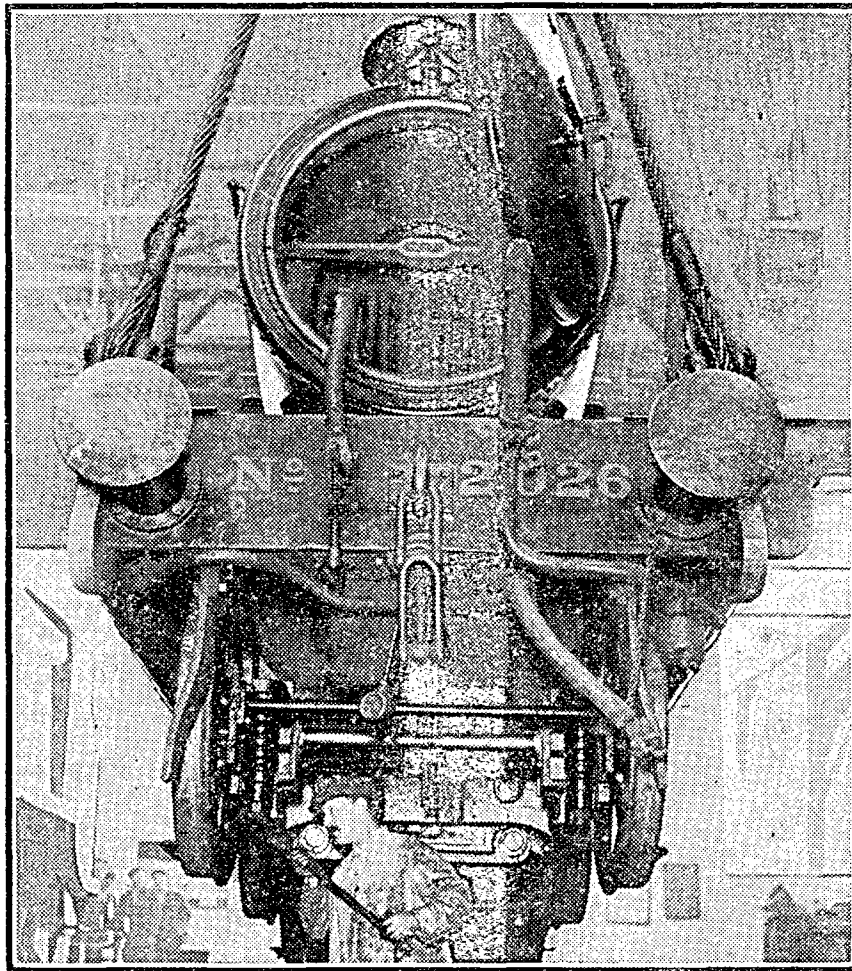
This happened the other day at Castel di Sangro, near Aquila, in Italy. A small fortune had lain in the lumber-room all those years, but unguessed at.

Some 200 years ago there must have been a music-loving gentleman with an unmusical family. He bought a violin from the most famous maker of the day, or of any day. Of course the purchaser did not realise that Stradivarius violins would become as precious as pictures by Raphael and Rubens: he just had the best of everything.

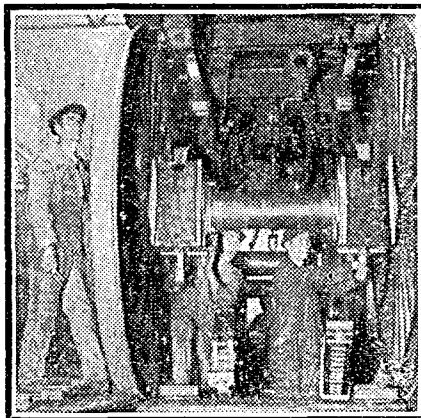
When he died no one had the heart to sell Father's fiddle, and no one else in the family was musical enough to play it or value its perfection.

Now we hope it will soon make up for its long silence.

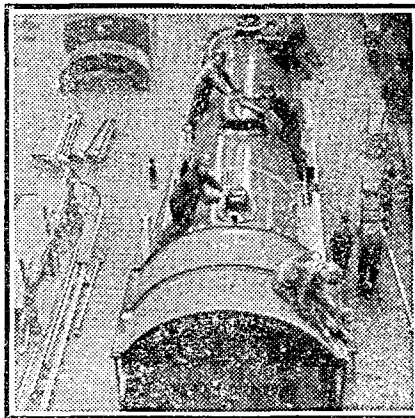
## THE LOCOMOTIVE BUILDERS



At work beneath a suspended engine



Fitting the springs



Cleaning a finished engine

New locomotives for the Southern Railway are being built at Eastleigh, near Southampton. Here our photographer shows us something of the work that is going on there.

## IRELAND'S LITTLE WAR

It was on July 16 that the British Government imposed special duties on imports from the Irish Free State, to punish Ireland for the withholding of the Irish land annuities.

In reply the Irish Free State Government placed special duties on the English exports to Ireland.

The obvious and expected result has followed. Both countries have lost trade, but Ireland has been the greater sufferer. Ireland is a small market for us, but England is a very big market for Ireland—if not, indeed, the only

really profitable market. Thus in an economic war between the two countries Ireland is bound to suffer terribly.

Great decreases are shown in the Irish exports of cattle, sheep and lambs, pigs, horses, bacon, mutton and lamb, eggs, butter, and other things.

A curious feature of the case is that the very farmers whose payments have been withheld by the Irish Free State Government are the chief losers. It is a situation which cannot last, for Irish action is striking at the very heart of Ireland's own chief interests.

## THE KILLING ON THE ROADS

### 1000 DEATHS IN EIGHT WEEKS

#### One in Every Five is a Little Child

#### KEEP THE HIGHWAY CODE

If only all of us knew the Highway Code and carried out its provisions three out of four of our terrible road accidents would be avoided.

*As it is the tragedies of the road have become so terrible that we can predict with certainty nowadays, as we do on our front page this week, that 100 people will be killed before the next C.N. appears.*

The conclusion the Safety First Association has arrived at, after a careful survey of the toll of the roads during July and August, is that it is the breaking of the rules of the Highway Code that is to blame. Nearly 1000 deaths from motor accidents came to their notice during two months this summer, and one of the saddest features is that 188 of them were of children.

Saturday was far the worst day of the week, the average number of deaths being 23.

#### More Propaganda Needed

A remarkable feature about these accidents is that almost all occurred in and around large towns and along the trunk roads, very few occurring on cross-country routes.

The only crumb of comfort the Safety First Association has to offer is that with better weather and more traffic the total number of accidents during this year's holiday months is less than last year. The proportion of children killed is a little lower, and this is due, no doubt, to the films which have been shown and the lectures which have been given to half a million children, all paid for by subscriptions sent to the Safety First Association.

It is obvious that much more of this propaganda work is necessary, and the association is appealing to the public for more funds to help it in this important task.

#### The Best Way to Safety

The C.N. suggests that much more use should be made of the excellent Highway Code. Every pedestrian should know it and act on it. The fact that a pedestrian knows what the driver of a vehicle will do, and that the driver knows what a pedestrian will do, is the best possible way to safety. If everybody—pedestrians and drivers too—will learn the Highway Code and act upon it, there will be an immense saving of life.

It is more than time that the keeping of this Code was made compulsory and that sterner measures were taken against criminal motorists. We see them continually overtaking at blind corners, ignoring white lines, cutting-in at dangerous places; and constantly our lives are in peril in the streets and in the lanes where we were wont to stroll in quiet and safety until almost the other day. The callous motorist has become a criminal of the worst order and should be stopped.

#### THE POST OFFICE NIB

The Post Office authorities hope they have now succeeded in silencing the complaints that have so often been raised concerning their unsatisfactory pen nibs.

After years of experiment a nib made of stainless steel has been perfected and put on trial at certain specially selected post offices. They have stood very exacting tests with complete success, and every post office is to receive a selection of these new nibs.



## A DISCOVERY WITH PLATINUM

### An Important Metal Again

Electro-plating a substance is sometimes done to make it look attractive, but more often to make it impervious to moisture, fumes, and corrosion.

The best plating so far has been in chromium, though this has taken years to accomplish. Platinum has always seemed the best metal to use, for it is only attacked by one thing, a mixture of acids which does not exist in Nature and can only be made in the chemist's laboratory.

At length the discovery has been made of a method of plating with platinum, and the results are wonderful.

Even chromium-plated articles have to be rubbed up or wiped now and then, but platinum-plated objects remain bright for ever.

Although platinum is one of the most costly of metals, being many times the price of gold, the remarkable fact remains that electro-plating with it costs only five farthings for a square inch of surface.

The discovery of this valuable process will make platinum a very important metal again.

## FIVE-YEAR-OLD CALLING

### A Little Ringer For a Little Bell

The C.N. believes it has found the youngest bellringer in England.

He is the sexton's son at Little Sodbury in Gloucestershire, and he is only five years old.

By climbing on the stone seat of the porch he can reach the dangling piece of string which serves as a bell-rope, and Sunday after Sunday he calls the people to the little church.

It is only a little bell, just the right size for Little Sodbury and the little bellringer, but it has a great claim to our interest, for it came from the old church up the hill where Tyndale worshipped and prayed that his English Bible should one day be read in every church.

In the beautiful manor house of Little Sodbury is the lofty attic offered to Tyndale as a sanctuary for his work by a Gloucestershire merchant who heard him preach in Fleet Street. The room is much as Tyndale must have known it, but there is nothing left of the old church he could see from his window save a doorway and two ancient yews. That is why the little bell has been taken down the hill to the new church.

## TO LAST 10,000 YEARS

### The Names To Live For Evermore

How long will a book last? If it is in the damp it soon shows signs of mildew; if dry it perishes from dry-rot.

It makes one giddy to think of the fate of all the books in the library of the British Museum.

When they were erecting a memorial of the Great War in Washington they were anxious to preserve the names of the 26,048 men who fell and who came from the district of Columbia.

The names were printed on a paper made of pure cellulose. This document was enclosed in a copper box in which the air was replaced by nitrogen. This box was hermetically sealed and placed in a cavity in the stone so shaped and placed as to exclude all possibility of damp approaching the box.

It is hoped that this document will survive ten thousand years! A great many empires will have crumbled long before then; and our politicians will either have solved the unemployment problem or have perished from the Earth.

## THIS LAND OF BOOKS

### The Marvellous County Library

If we are not an enlightened nation we ought to be, for this country has become a land of books.

Country mice need no longer lament that they have not the same library advantages as town mice. The latest report of the County Libraries shows that 18 million people living in small towns and country districts are now benefiting from this wonderful book service. It is a section of the great Library Association, and has grown amazingly during the 13 years it has been in existence.

There are now 14,500 library centres, and in two years 2600 entirely new centres have been formed. The movement has never gone back, and this is all the more surprising because of the national crisis.

Economies were made and £12,000 less was spent last year; but, thanks to voluntary help, the Carnegie grant of £500,000, which is extended over several years, and enthusiasm all over the country, the movement is only gathering strength for greater successes.

### Secret of the Success

All kinds of lonely places, including 40 lighthouses, are now being linked up with the outside world. Among the library centres are Young Farmers Clubs, aerodromes, country factories, juvenile employment centres, a county police headquarters, and a prison.

Last year nearly 25 million books were borrowed from the County Libraries, an increase in one year of nearly five million volumes. Even in Shetland there are over a hundred centres. In the West Riding of Yorkshire 550 centres serve a population of 962,000, and in Kent there are 400 county libraries for 680,000 people.

Enthusiasm is the secret of the success of this fine libraries movement. Only 600 of the librarians are paid, and much of the local work is only made possible because about 30,000 noble people give their services. They form one of the largest voluntary organisations in the country.

## THE SHADOW OF THE HORSE

### Traffic Signals For Riders

Still another use has been found for the photo-cell, this time to protect riders and their horses.

Green and red lights have long been in use in the park at Washington to control the motor-traffic, but bridle paths cross these busy roads. Lights have now been arranged which warn the riders that the path across the motor-road is clear, but these lights are operated by the horses themselves.

When a rider approaches the crossing the body of the horse intercepts a ray of light from a lamp on one side of the bridle path which ordinarily falls on a photo-cell on the other side.

Immediately the shadow of the horse affects the photo-cell the red lights are shown on the motor-road and the cars are stopped until the riders have crossed it.

### A MEMORY OF THE WAR

A correspondent who has been holidaying in Suffolk sends us this note:

In the graveyard adjoining the picturesque thatched-roofed church at Theberton in Suffolk is a memorial to sixteen German airmen who were burned to death when the Zeppelin L48 was brought down on Sunday, June 17, 1917.

The villagers of Theberton soon afterwards placed on the wooden panel erected over their graves the following remarkable quotation from the Bible:

*Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth.*

## MORE WORK FOR IDLE HANDS

### How Italy is Finding It

Like the other nations Italy has her unemployment problem, but she is tackling it with a will.

There are fewer than a million unemployed, and in order to reduce this number mayors of towns both large and small have received orders to provide as much work as possible during the winter.

So, instead of stopping such things as road construction on the grounds of economy, as we have done in England, men are to be put to work building new roads, bridges, and viaducts, while others will be engaged on great land-reclaiming schemes.

Thousands of men will be engaged in constructing a new motor-road between Genoa and Turin and another from Genoa to Milan. The port of Genoa is to be improved so that it will be the best on the Mediterranean; Venice is to have a big new viaduct across the lagoons; Rome, Naples, Milan, and other places are to put men to work on town improvements.

All over Italy an inquiry is going on to find really necessary works that can be put in hand during the winter.

The whole nation will benefit from these measures, the public from the improvements and the unemployed from having something useful to do.

## THE AIRMAN'S WHISTLE

### And What It Will Mean

The locomotive's whistle is familiar to all. Are we to have the aeroplane's whistle?

If we do it will not be for the same reason. The noise from above will indicate that an airman wishes to know at what height he is flying.

A French engineer has invented a new type of altimeter which makes use of the principle of measuring height by echo.

A high-pitched whistle is sounded at intervals by compressed air and the time taken for its echo to reach the plane is registered by a chronograph and converted into distance by a calculator.

Thus the actual height above ground is given, which is not the case with altimeters at present in use. These give the approximate height above the starting-point; and if the airman is flying over higher country his height above ground is of course less than the reading on his instrument. His actual height is then a matter of calculation.

If the new altimeter proves successful in operation it will be a great help to airmen flying above low clouds or in fog, conditions which have been responsible for many accidents in the past.

## A LITTLE BIRD TRAGEDY

### To Make a Sportsman's Holiday

The world is becoming a happier and kinder place, but there are still many so-called sportsmen always looking for something to kill.

Here is some sad news from New Zealand. A ship sailed from Calcutta with 689 Indian partridges or chukors which were to be liberated in New Zealand. Some disease affected the birds and all but 23 died before the ship reached Auckland.

The pity of it all is that the birds were being sent to New Zealand so that the so-called sportsmen of that country could have something more to shoot at. Many of the native birds have become so few in numbers because of the bad work of men with guns and the destruction of their forest homes by the advance of settlement, so that these sham sportsmen have had to import birds from other lands.

The home of the chukor is 3000 feet up on the slopes of the Himalayas. The C.N. is sorry that men cannot leave them alone.

## TREASURE HUNTING

### What We May Find If We Use Our Eyes

There are many ways of doing things.

By picking up pebbles on the seashore a Leicester friend of the C.N. has been able, during the last six years, to support four beds in Baptist Mission hospitals in the Congo, at Chandrakona in India, and at Tai-yuan-fu in China.

By diligently seeking for treasures among millions of common stones she has found good specimens of jasper, topaz, amethyst, onyx, sardonyx, chrysoprase, crystal, and agate (a handful of Greek words!), besides cornelians, lapis lazuli, and other semi-precious stones.

These she has had made into necklaces, rings, and brooches, the larger stones being used in paper-knives, small boxes, and so on.

"It is a most fascinating hobby," says our correspondent. "Wherever I go during my holidays I spend my time on the seashore looking for pretty pebbles. In Norway I have found pieces of topaz and crystal; this year, during a cruise round Great Britain, I found some fine stones at Oban and Guernsey."

## LET US TAKE A WALK

### Miraculous Growth of Youth Hostels

More than 20,000 walkers and cyclists have been making use of the Youth Hostels during the last few months.

The C.N. always knew that once this movement for the youth of the country was started it would have immediate success; it is only a few years since the C.N. Monthly published an article urging that such a movement should be set on foot, and it was very soon in progress. But who could have guessed that its growth would be so remarkable? Between Northumberland and Cornwall there are already a hundred hostels, all in charge of regional councils, and improvements in the hostel service are continually being made.

Only a fortnight ago the 40-mile walk between Derwent Hall and High Greenwood House on the northern chain of Rest Houses was lessened through the opening of a hostel at Hopwood Farm on Marsden Moors. The hostel at Derwent Hall, opened last June, has already been used by 2000 visitors.

Fine weather has done much for the movement, and instead of the few foreign visitors expected this year nearly 600 young people from other lands sheltered at the hostels.

Other new hostels have been opened in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Devon.

## THE EVER-READY GIRL

### How She Saved Her Life

Stricken with acute appendicitis Vera Halifax, who lives with her father at the quarantine station ten miles from Port Darwin in the Northern Territory of Australia, summoned help by signalling a message in Morse by heliograph.

She is only sixteen, and she now owes her life to her ability to signal. A launch was sent over to the station and she was taken to hospital, where a successful operation was performed.

She first learned Morse so that she and her father could keep in touch with Darwin and beguile the loneliness of their life on the station. Daily she received news of the outer world, and it was the very man who had taught her who saw the frantic message being flickered from the station.

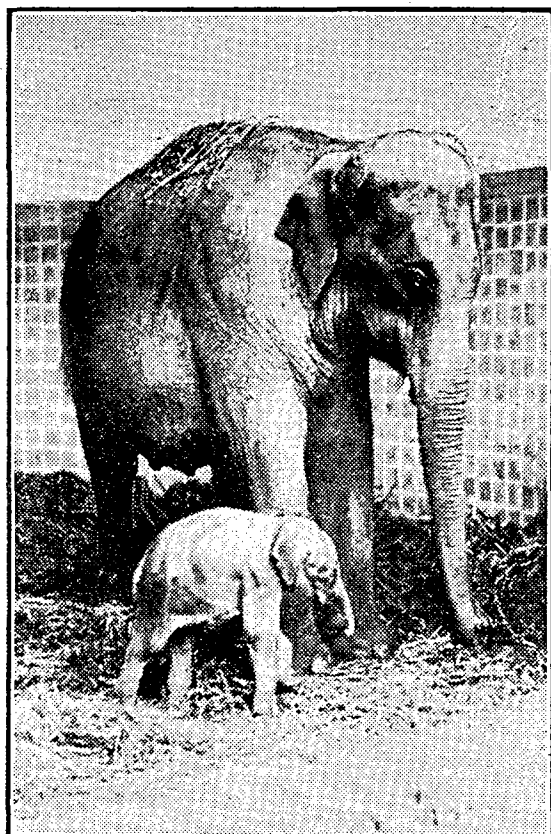
Life in the lonely outposts of Australia calls for initiative and courage, and this girl, who, although in agonising pain, retained her self-possession enough to call for help ten miles away, is a typical example of the type of girl who has settled in the vast stretches of this continent, ready for any emergency.



# LITTLE ONES GROWING UP — A PAGE OF BABY PICTURES



Scouts as Nursemaids—A baby competition was held at a Scout garden party at Filton in Gloucestershire, and the boys were able to make themselves useful, as shown in this picture.



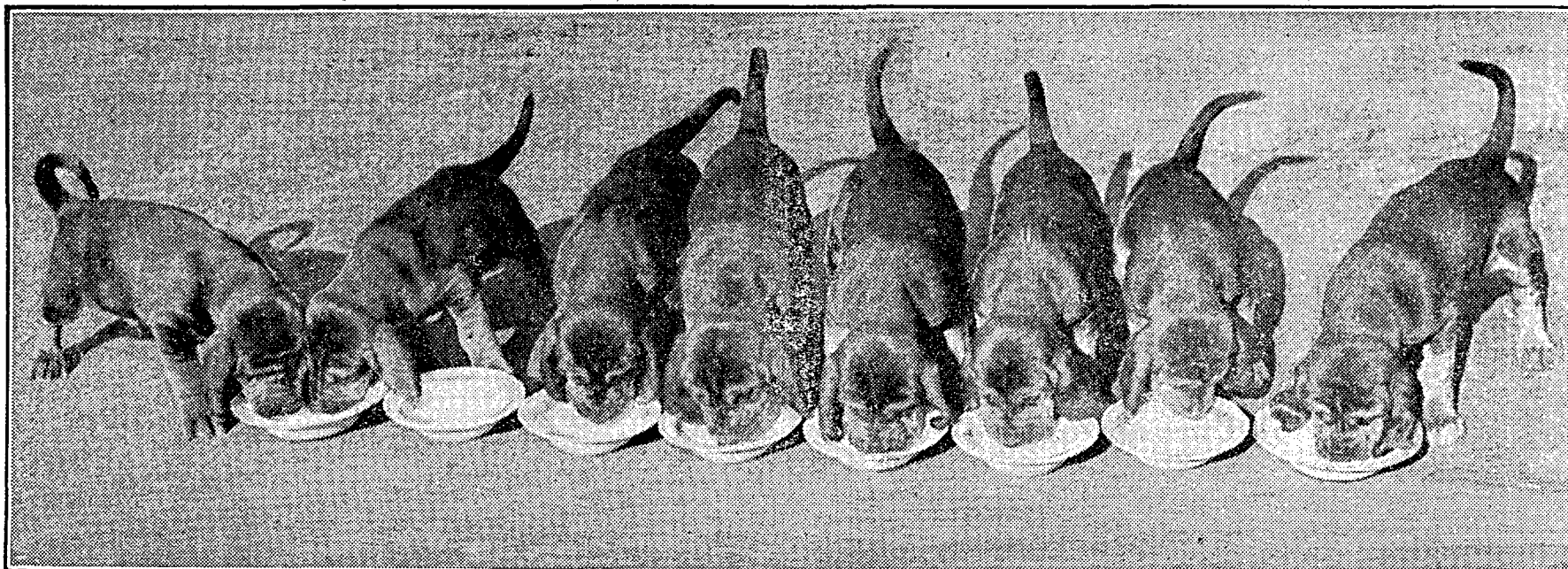
A Baby Elephant—Munich Zoo is proud of this little elephant, one of the few that have been born in Europe.



A Little Orphan—When this baby sea-lion's mother died at the London Zoo it was fed with a bottle, as shown here. See page 11.



A Young Hippo—The giant hippopotamus begins life as a very small creature, as we see by this picture.



Dinner Time—These bloodhound puppies are being reared at kennels near Ipswich. There seems to be a bad example of greediness on the left. Many of the dogs at these kennels are sold to police forces on the Continent, for the bloodhound has been famous since Roman times for its keen scent in following a trail.



## TENANTS OF THE PARKS

### THE GREAT CITY'S SANCTUARIES

#### A Look Round the Life of Peter Pan's Gardens

#### COLONY OF JACKDAWS

Bird Sanctuaries in Royal Parks.  
Report for 1931 (Stationery Office 6d)

Michael and Wendy probably know all about some exciting things that happened in Kensington Gardens last year.

Last September a rare and unexpected visitor turned up on the Round Pond. It was a black-necked grebe. After spending a day there he said to himself: This place is all very well for town birds, but it is too tame for me. So he flew off to a wilder part of our little island.

All the same there were many other strange and lovely visitors who were not so disdainful. One pair of great-crested grebes, beautiful birds in full plumage, had a picnic on the Round Pond.

#### Scorn For the Nesting-Box

Most London children surely know that there is a small colony of jackdaws in Kensington Gardens. It was on an April day last year that one of these birds, with an eye as watchful and wicked as that of the Jackdaw of Rheims, was seen vigorously pulling wool off a sheep's head. When it had a good mouthful it flew off to a hole at the top of a tall elm. The nesting-boxes which had been put up in the gardens for the use of these birds were scorned by every self-respecting jackdaw. "Chock! Fancy thinking we can make a home in a hotel!" grumbled Mr Jackdaw as soon as his mouth was free enough of wool to speak his thoughts.

There were two Mrs Mallards who had an exciting time when they were leading their ducklings through the London streets one day last year from Holland Park to Kensington Gardens. The traffic was so terrifying that one of them took her bewildered family of five into the grounds of King's College for Women and then into a courtyard while she reconsidered her position. But help was at hand. Some humans saw her distress and escorted her party to their destination.

#### An Errand-Boy to the Rescue

The other Mrs Mallard had an even more difficult time, for her family numbered ten. She managed to marshal them to the corner of Campden Grove, and here the dangerous crossing of Church Street struck terror in her maternal heart. But a kindly errand-boy placed her and her ten sons and daughters in his basket. They all had a great deal to say on the subject, but they were carried safely to the end of their journey.

Peter Pan's bird friends object very strongly to the fact that humans are now allowed to row about the Serpentine and Long Water until the end of the year. This extraordinarily dull pastime of humans used to be stopped by mid-November, and that was quite late enough. As a protest uncommon birds are keeping away from these waters.

#### Undesirable Lodgers

Thousands of starlings kept coming to Duck Island in St James's Park late last summer. Like some human barbarians we could mention they did much damage to trees and were such undesirable lodgers that they had to be driven off.

In St James's Park the most interesting event of the year was the hatching of two baby cormorants. Only one survived, and this was a noisy young bird which shouted continually for food.

Of all these happenings we may read in this wonderful green booklet

## THE VANISHING OASIS

### On the Desert's Dusty Face

In the heart of the Libyan Desert is concealed the Lost Oasis of Zarzura.

There is magic in the name of a Lost Oasis, but that adventurous young explorer Sir Robert East Clayton, who so recently died, thought he had once caught a glimpse of it from an aeroplane, and was persistent in his attempts to find it. The tropical disease from which he died may have been the penalty he paid for his persistence in the early summer of this year.

With another explorer, Count de Almaly, he established a base at Dakhla, the most westerly of the known Libyan oases, and from there flew here and there for hundreds of miles over the waste of sand which stretches far away.

Once the searchers saw and photographed a wide valley where acacia trees grew. Could this have been the lost oasis? It might have been, for hereabouts is no other sign of vegetation in the vast arid expanse of desert, and it would seem that the trees must be fed by springs of water.

#### Origin of the Fairy Tales

But if this was Zarzura it was rather a meagre substitute for the city of the Arab legends, or of the old Arab historians who affirmed that here was a wonderful town set in lovely surroundings, a rose blossoming in the wilderness, where a race of men had lived since the days of the Persians, cut off from the outside world.

Sir Robert and his companion could not land to see, because the heat and shortage of water made an aeroplane landing too risky. They were to have tried again this winter. The region, terrible as heat and dryness make it, has an irresistible attraction to explorers, probably because of its dangers. The very abomination of desolation that pervades it may have given rise, out of contrast, to the Arab fairy tales about it.

The Oasis of Kufra used to be described by Arabs as a dream city with roofs of gold till Sir Ahmed Hassanein Bey and Mrs Rosita Forbes succeeded in reaching it, and found it a village with mud-brick dwellings, inhabited by the usual mixed people of Kharga, Dakhla, and the Baharia.

#### Castles in Spain

Another disappointment of the same kind hung over the discovery of a dump of pottery jars found ten years ago by Prince Kamel el Din while exploring some 150 miles west of Dakhla. Could they be the refuse of the Persian army led by King Cambyses, 2500 years ago, against the Ammonites of Suva, and every man engulfed in a sandstorm of the desert so that none came back? They were not. They were jars made in Central Africa certainly not more than 300 years ago.

These Lost Oases have a disappointing knack of turning out to be no better than Castles in Spain. Even the mighty capital of Timbuctoo, where the streets were gold and ivory, turned out to be a mud city, and is now decaying like a heap of refuse in the sun.

#### BY WEIGHT

Ships, like fish, are sold by weight. Steamers are bought by the ton, and when it is remembered that salmon is often 3s a pound it seems absurdly cheap to pay only 4s 8d a ton for ships.

The Marchioness of Bute, a South Wales steamer of 7270 tons, has just been sold at that rate. It is the lowest price at which any South Wales steamer has been sold. The poor Marchioness was built in 1906, and ships age as quickly as women did in Jane Austen's day, when to be 25 was to be put on the shelf.

## BLIND MAN'S BOUQUET

By Our Country Girl

Once a week Mr Higgle drives into the town from his cottage on Thomas Hardy's Great Heath. He has all manner of vegetables, several dozen eggs, and a chicken or two in the tumbrel drawn by a fat brown pony called Joe.

Directly Joe arrives Mr Three-Year-Old comes rushing into the kitchen crying, "Bread, please! Bread for Joey."

A crust is found.

"I want two breads," he entreats, "please, Grannie, two breads for Joey!"

Then he trots out with bread in each hand to feed Joey, who is very careful not to eat little fingers. Afterwards Mr Higgle does his business with Grannie. He charges quite as much as the shops, but his things taste better, we all declare; and, besides, he usually has a bunch of flowers for us.

The other day he said: "I've brought ye a Blind Man's Bouquet."

"What is that?" asked Grannie.

#### A Pretty Thought

Mr Higgle handed her a tightly-tied bunch of leafage with a few flowers in the centre. Here were lavender, bergamot, thyme, verbena, mint, parsley, and a good many other sweet-scented herbs.

"We call them Blind Man's Bouquets because a blind man can tell what's in them," Mr Higgle explained. "He can't see the flowers, but he knows them by their smells."

It is a pretty thought that when old country eyes grow dim, and Grannie lies bedridden and lonely, with Mother hard at work over the wash-tub and Father hard at work in the fields, the children will search the garden to make her such a bouquet, so that she may smell the flowers one by one, and recall the happy days of youth.

#### A PRINCESS MAY MARRY

A change has been made in the law of Siam. We think it is a change for the better.

Hitherto no princess of the royal family in Siam might marry anyone but a prince. Princes could marry outside the blood royal, but their poor little sisters could not do so.

Generally there were not enough princes to go round.

To be unmarried in the West, where a woman may follow almost any career, need not be a sad thing; but it is a dreary fate for the daughters of the East.

Under the new law a princess may marry outside royal circles if she first renounces her rank. One of the king's granddaughters has at once done so; perhaps the law was altered for her; grandfathers are notoriously indulgent.

We wish the princess happiness in her less glittering but more human future.

#### THE RISE OF A KENT SHOP BOY

The name of Mr George Foster Clark, who has passed on at 68, was literally a household word.

His story is a romance of British business. If he had not had enterprise he might have stayed all his life at the village store at Plaxtole, near Sevenoaks, where he was a grocer's apprentice when he left school.

But he had other ambitions. Over 40 years ago he started a little business of his own in a small room in his father's house at Maidstone.

He made lemonade powder. Then he began to manufacture custard powder, souppowder, and other table preparations. By dint of hard work his business grew until his products were known all over the world. One of the secrets of his success in organising was his personal attention to details.

Three times he was mayor of Maidstone. He gave much money to charity.

## A WORD FROM THE HILLS

### The Message on John Locke's Tomb

#### TO BE SAVED FROM THE WIND AND THE RAIN

Soon after the death of John Locke in 1704 his good friends the Mashams raised a noble tomb over his grave beside the porch of High Laver Church in Essex.

The most interesting part of it is the long Latin inscription which the philosopher wrote for all who run to read. Here is a translation of a part of it:

*Stay, traveller; John Locke rests here. Do you ask What manner of man was he? he replies that he lived content with his own middle rank. Had he good qualities? They are less than can serve for praise to him or an example to you. Let his faults be buried with him. If you seek an example in morals you have it in the Gospel. Would that no evils existed.*

There are few epitaphs so noble, so modest, and so inspiring, and we are glad to record that no longer is this one to be exposed to wind and rain. Christ Church, Oxford, where he laboured for 18 years until cast out by the treachery of Charles the Second, is taking the lead in moving the tomb within the walls of the church and in placing a new tablet recording the tercentenary where it stands now.

It would be a happy thing if on this tablet a good English translation of Locke's noble phrases were inscribed in stone as an inspiration for all visitors to this delightful church.

## THE DANCERS OF BATH

### A Gay Little Band

A gay little band of folk are dancing through Somerset.

They have for music a flute, pipe, fiddle, tabor, accordion, and concertina. They are members of the Bath Branch of the English Folk Dance Society.

They began their merry pilgrimage by dancing in the open space outside Bath Abbey. How astonished the pigeons must have been as they looked down from their vantage point in the old grey towers upon the cheerful scene in their peaceful feeding-place.

An ancient man in a bath chair sat open-mouthed at astonishment! A large crowd assembled, and through their midst went the dancers, dancing into Cheap Street, and so along Stall Street, and through the Colonnade, "up the middle and down again," to the tune of the pipe and fiddle.

"Oh, what a lovely thing that Bath should take to dancing (said one onlooker to another)! Why, the invalids might almost forget to be ill!"

"They couldn't be ill," came the swift reply from an enthusiast. "You cannot be ill if you dance folk dances."

Borne aloft by the performers was the motto, "We dance for our own enjoyment. Why don't you do the same?"

One or two children decided to do so. They were far too small to see the fun in such a crowd; so they danced themselves to the merry music.

*And all the world went gay, went gay,  
For half an hour in the street today.*

#### BOUND IN CHAINS

A group of business girls in America, taking part in a World Peace Programme, were asked to stage an episode under the title Economic Understanding.

They did so. One was bound in chains representing Trade, the two who bound her being Tariffs and War Debts; she was released by a fourth, named Free Commerce.

As a result of their dramatic effort they pleaded for a class in economics to study the whole matter of international economic cooperation.



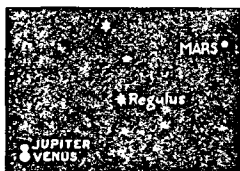
## TWO PLANETS MEET A REMARKABLE SIGHT Golden Jupiter and Silvery Venus in the Dawn Sky CLOUDS AND SUNLIGHT

By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus and Jupiter will provide an interesting sight on Thursday morning, October 20, when these splendid worlds will become so close to one another that they will appear almost to meet.

It should be a very lovely sight in the rising dawn. The Moon, then near her last quarter phase, will be away to the right at a much higher altitude, with the rosy-tinted Mars almost midway between her and the radiant planets Venus and Jupiter. The bright star Regulus will be between them and Mars, as shown in the star-map.

Venus and Jupiter may be seen approaching one another throughout the week, so there will be plenty of opportunities for seeing them beforehand, provided the observer has a clear outlook to the east and south-east. The best time to look will be between 3.30 and 5.30 in the morning.



Jupiter and Venus relative to Mars and Regulus next Thursday morning

At the beginning of the week the two planets will appear to be only about nine times the Moon's width apart, then each succeeding morning they will be seen to have drawn closer together, until by Thursday morning they will appear to be almost touching one another.

Seen through field or opera-glasses they will provide a particularly beautiful and interesting sight, Venus appearing much the most brilliant and just below Jupiter. The difference in their colour will also be most noticeable, Jupiter's golden hue contrasting with the silvery whiteness of Venus. It is, of course, the same sunlight that is reflected from both worlds, but the clouds of Jupiter are of a different composition from those of Venus, producing in consequence a different tint of reflected sunlight.

Although these two worlds will appear to be approaching one another they are really both travelling to the left, Venus much more rapidly than Jupiter, so she, as it were, catches him up on Thursday next. After this she may be seen each morning to get farther and farther away to the left of Jupiter, becoming less brilliant as she travels away from our world too. Jupiter, on the other hand, is approaching us and gradually getting brighter.

### Why Venus is So Bright

Venus is much nearer to us than she is to Jupiter (about 70 million miles away), whereas Jupiter is about 575 million miles away. It is the fact of her being so much nearer to us and to the Sun that makes Venus appear so much brighter than Jupiter.

Seen through a telescope Jupiter appears a world twice the diameter of Venus, and were he as near to us as Venus is he would be seen to be nearly twelve times wider.

The much smaller world of Mars will be easily identified away to the right and at a higher altitude. It is not nearly so bright as the others, though it is getting nearer every day and by winter will appear almost as bright as Jupiter.

At present Mars is about 155 million miles away—in other words more than twice as far as Venus.

There is yet another great world in this part of the heavens, for Neptune is at present a little way to the right of Jupiter. But though Neptune will be in the same field-of-view of the glasses on Thursday, and only about five times the Moon's width away from both Venus and Jupiter, Neptune will be much too faint to be seen without telescopic aid.

G. F. M.

## WHEN DADDY WAS ASLEEP The Right Kind of Children

### A LITTLE STORY OF GENEVA

An English gentleman living in Geneva was recently returning to that city with his family after a holiday in England. The party consisted of five: himself, his wife, his two children, and the grandmother.

After a night spent in the train they arrived at Bellegarde, the frontier station, in the early morning. Here the two ladies got down in order to have some coffee. The father was sound asleep, and the children were left in charge.

Then the train went on, quite unexpectedly. The ladies were left behind, and the air was full of bogies; there was the ticket bogie, and the passport-bogie, and the Customs-bogie. Also, neither lady could speak French.

These C.N. children decided that they would not wake Daddy. They went straight to the guard and told him what had happened, and the guard was fortunately sympathetic, having by mistake left his red tape in Paris.

So the two, Kathleen aged 12, and Alan aged 9, sat tight until they got to Geneva; then they woke Daddy, who had the tickets and the passports; he was amazed at what had been happening while he was asleep!

Putting all hands to work, they got everything out of the train, and sat down to wait hopefully for the next one to pull in. Fortunately this arrived in about an hour's time, and the family was reunited in the douane. But the ladies did not get their coffee, after all.

### HIS TWO MARCHES The V.C. Piper of Loos

A piper was seen the other day in London wearing the kilt and playing stirring tunes on the bagpipes, and some of the men who marched behind him must have had memories almost more poignant than they could bear.

It was the 17th anniversary of Loos, and Piper Laidlaw, V.C., headed a march to the Cenotaph of survivors and sons of those who fought in that terrible battle. He played the same pipes on which he rallied the troops in that day in 1915, when he won his V.C.

In the midst of the battle 17 years ago a sound of gay music burst like a challenge through the air.

Someone was playing the bagpipes. Stirring and familiar tunes brought back all kinds of memories of a happy world before Armageddon. Hope came to the battered and nearly routed survivors. They had something to live for, after all; they took courage and rallied again to make another stand.

Shrapnel and bullets from machine-guns and sharpshooters rushed at deadly speed through the air, shells whined and exploded, bombs crashed, but Piper Laidlaw marched up and down in front of his trench and went on playing his pipes until his task was done and the spirit of the troops was magically changed.

It is good to know that he survived and is still among us, and that he was given the highest honour the country can give for bravery.

### WHO WAS ROGER BACON?

Born Ilchester, 1214. Died Oxford, 1294.

The "wonderful doctor," as he was called, became a monk of the Franciscan Order, which prevented his publishing his writings. He dabbled in alchemy, but made notable discoveries, gunpowder and the magnifying-glass among them.

He is famous as the pioneer of modern scientific inquiry. Persecuted and hindered to an unparalleled degree, he yet contrived to leave a striking record of work accomplished.

## LENA'S NEW CUBS AND SIX BABY VIPERS Sea-Lion's Death Due to a Visitor's Carelessness

### THE ZOO FEEDING-BOTTLE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Once again there are lion cubs at the Zoo, for the handsome lioness called Lena, a familiar figure in the Lion House for many years, has two beautiful spotted babies.

Lena can claim distinction, being the mother of the first family of lion cubs to be born and reared at the Zoo. But this was nine years ago; the new babies are the first she has made any attempt to rear since her earlier achievement.

The Reptile House has also a new nursery containing a family of six European vipers.

### Growing Appetites

The mother snake showed none of the unnatural cannibal instincts so common among inmates of the Reptile House, and it was not her fault that four of her ten babies died soon after they were born. But although the young vipers are exhibited in the same den as their parents they are separated by a partition.

For some days after they were born the baby snakes had sufficient fat in their bodies to make meals unnecessary, but when they required nourishment they began to feed on earthworms. After that they were soon able to take new-born mice, which, of course, were not alive. The vipers are little more than three inches long and correspondingly slender and fragile, but they are well equipped with sharp teeth, which they are anxious to use. No one can play with these Zoo babies!

From another Zoo nursery comes a sad story.

In the sea-lion's pond there were two mother sea-lions, each with a four-months-old baby. The young animals were known as Pat and Sheila, and were devoted playmates. But, alas! one of the mothers fell ill and died, and her little suckling baby was left alone.

### Feeding the Orphan

As the other mother sea-lion refused to adopt the orphan special arrangements were made for his comfort.

He was sent to the Zoo's hospital, where a big bath was converted into a pond for him, and he was provided with an attendant whose sole duty was to look after him.

Usually sea-lions object to take milk from a feeding-bottle, but happily Pat has been most reasonable. He promptly decided that he liked milk strongly flavoured with cod-liver-oil, and since has taken his meals regularly from his bottle.

The death of the mother was due to a pocket handkerchief. Apparently a careless Zoo visitor dropped her handkerchief into the enclosure, and the poor sea-lion swallowed it. *Picture on page 9*

### WHY IS GRANNY'S HAIR GREY?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

The colour of the hair depends on the quantity of colouring matter it contains. That is to say, hair containing a great deal of colouring matter, or pigment, as it is called, is dark; hair containing very little is light.

Now, the production of this colouring material depends on the whole body being in a good state of health and able to perform all its functions, and it is controlled to a very large extent by the nervous system. If anything happens to go wrong with this control, either as the result of disease or the wearing out of nerve power in old age, the pigment gradually ceases to be produced, and the hair becomes grey, and then quite white. When it is white there is no pigment in it.



## Brimful of Healthy Energy

THE energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending must be made good from the energy-creating elements obtainable from nourishment. They are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy development and sturdy growth.

During this time more nourishment is essential than ordinary food contains. Growing children should have "Ovaltine" every day instead of other meal-time beverages. This delicious food drink supplies, in a correctly balanced and concentrated form, the nutritive elements from Nature's best foods—specially prepared malt extract, fresh liquid milk, and new-laid eggs from our own and selected farms.

"Ovaltine" contains no cheap ingredients—no added sugar—to lower the cost and reduce its supreme value. The price of "Ovaltine" could be reduced by varying the proportions of its constituents, but it would not be "Ovaltine." There is only one "Ovaltine." There is nothing to equal it and nothing "just as good."

**OVALTINE**  
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

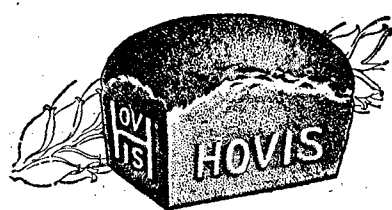
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## THE HAPPY LAND A Race That Breeds No Litter Louts

By a Travelling Correspondent

It is the C.N.'s boast that there is no country in the world to which it has not made its way, and one of our readers will surely soon have a boast like that. He has written to us from New Zealand and Egypt, and now a letter comes from Sweden, begging the Editor to take his next holiday in that attractive country.

We take the opportunity of sending him our good wishes (for he seldom stays long enough in one place for a letter), and we gladly pass on his enthusiasm for Sweden to our readers. This is what he says.

In my opinion, as well as in the opinion of many other Englishmen, Sweden is the most cultured and civilised country in the world. Its art is the most vital and in many ways the most beautiful that any country possesses; it is not a thing to be seen or used for Sundays and holidays, but a part of everyday life.

### The Ugly Barred

Such a thing as the ruining of one of the most charming vistas in Kew Gardens by a gasworks would be impossible in this northern land. The people are too well educated to allow a few to cause an ugly thing to be erected and spoil the pleasure of the many.

Here are some of the things I have noticed in Sweden:

Men raising their hats to policemen after inquiring the way.

Cleaners dusting the window-ledges of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd-class carriages after every seventh station.

No slums or slummy people.

No litter.

No Keep-Off-the-Grass notices.

A universal respect for trees and flowers.

Abundant politeness.

No dirty or untidy shops, and a surprising absence of tawdry merchandise, even the everyday utensils being beautiful.

It certainly sounds a happy land, and if the Editor could get away from his desk for long enough he would gladly go; but as it is he is thankful that there is always a sea beating on the rocky coast of Cornwall, and a wood in Kent where the Litter Lout is never seen and a little model of the Golden Hind towers high to remind him of the world so far beyond his dreams.

## THE BOOKWORMS OF CROYDON

Croydon people are tremendous readers. That is the impression we are given by the annual report of the Libraries Committee there.

Last year over 8000 books belonging to the Croydon and branch libraries were entirely worn out by much lending, and about a quarter of these were children's books.

Five years ago it was considered a great event when the total was reached of a million books borrowed or used for reference. But last year the figure soared past two millions.

Story-books are not so much in demand with Croydon folk as one might expect. In spite of the need for relaxation in this busy workaday world only 866,400 volumes of fiction were issued last year compared with 1,143,000 volumes of more serious literature. Voyages to realms of fancy and imagination were not so popular as hard study.

In spite of best sellers, our old friend Charles Dickens still holds his own. With Croydon people he is still the most popular of British novelists. Shakespeare is read more than ever, and Tennyson and even Longfellow have a larger amount of readers than any modern poet.

Croydon children are as enthusiastic book-lovers as their elders, and 10,000 of last year's readers were under twelve. These juvenile bookworms made use of 321,000 books during the year.

## CANADA IN THE GREAT DEPRESSION

### DISTRESSES OF THE DOMINION

Quarter of a Million in Poverty  
on the Farms

### RELIEF DIFFICULTIES

Our Canadian friends have suffered bitterly since 1929; when the world trade slump began in the United States.

In the towns a large proportion of the industrial workers have become unemployed. On the farms distress has arisen through the great fall in the prices of agricultural produce and the extended use of agricultural machinery.

In the long run it is good for mankind to be able to produce more food with less labour; but where there is no industrial and little social organisation quick changes in method produce serious results.

Canada is conspicuously a country where there is little provision for public relief of destitution. Consequently in the last three years she has been making experiments in relief works and in attempting to organise the distribution of private charity.

Both the central and local authorities have been doing their best to establish services of public relief. The religious organisations have done much, and everywhere local welfare associations have sprung up.

### Sad Case of Saskatchewan

The farmers of the province of Saskatchewan have had to endure a degree of distress which hardly bears contemplation. Drought has been added to bad trade, and over a quarter of a million of the farming community have been reduced to destitution.

In places the ground became so dry that the surface soil was blown away by the wind, reducing fertile land to a desert.

A relief commission had to be set up to deal with this terrible problem, and millions have had to be spent to relieve the farmers. This relief organisation was centred at Regina, which our young readers should trace upon a map, trying to imagine what must be the plight of the people of the province.

Many of the inhabitants have had to trek to fresh woods and pastures new.

## THE PRICE OF SPEED Perils of the Air

### TWO KILLED EVERY DAY

A valued correspondent directs our attention to the fact that Lloyd's now publishes a daily list of flying accidents all over the world.

In 1931, according to this authority, the number of lives lost in flying accidents was 725, or say two a day. This certainly seems to be a big figure in relation to the use of flying machines.

We need not be surprised, therefore, that insurance companies demand very high premiums to insure aerial passengers, some companies refusing to undertake the business at all.

We imagine that the figures published by Lloyd's can hardly be complete, for the United States Department of Commerce tells us that in the last three years there were no fewer than 1413 deaths from flying accidents in America alone, which is more than one each day. According to the American official statement the number of American flying accidents in the last three years was 2994, in which 9558 persons were involved. The casualties were:

Killed .. .. .	1413
Severely injured .. .. .	974
Minor injuries .. .. .	1336

The American figures solely relate to commercial and civil aviation. Here in Great Britain the number of fighting airmen killed seems to be about 70 to 80 a year.



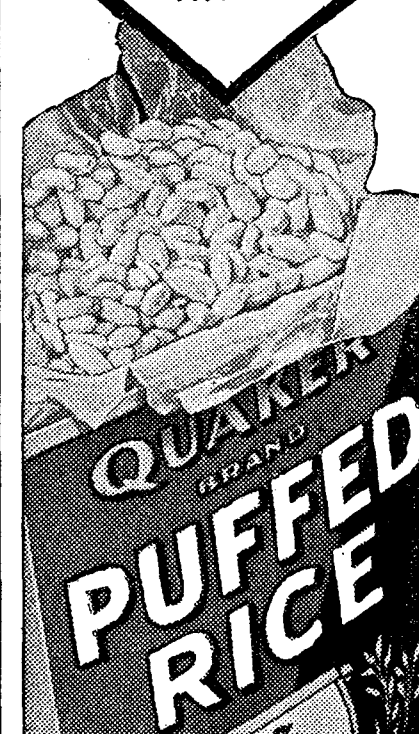
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**... Any time**

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# TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## What Has Happened Before

Twenty ships lying at anchor in the bay! They arouse Jim's interest, for nothing ever seems to happen in Polgelly, where he lives with old Captain Ben.

Miles Maravin, of the Guadeloupe Inn, is interested too, though he won't admit it. And so, quite evidently, is a mysterious somewhat forbidding-looking stranger, who has ascended the cliff to gaze at them.

## CHAPTER 3

### Cap'n Ben

A TRIM and four-square man was Captain Ben Babbage (never otherwise than Cap'n Ben to the village folk), as brisk as when he had first rattled up to the foretop or lain out along a yard with the ocean in tumult. And, having given up the sea and come to Polgelly, he had built himself an abode of his own fashioning, perched snugly on a handy shelf of the cliffs, which spared him an acre or two of good soil for his flowers, sheltered from the gales that blew off the land and passed roaring overhead to lash the Atlantic, and approached by a long winding path. And here it was that, after parting with Jim, the figure of Miles Maravin came into sight.

Advancing slowly, he had not yet reached the privet hedge near the summit which marked the beginning of the Captain's small property and was reinforced against the sand that blew up from the shore by a screen of osiers, cunningly woven and plaited, for the protection of the Captain's pinks and begonias and roses.

But Miles was within hailing distance of that singular survival, none other than the stern timbers and poop of a ship, which, brought from Squire Deedwinnick's big house a mile inland, had been set up by his directions on Captain Ben's grassplot. Mark you, no ordinary stern of no ordinary vessel, but the towering poop of a gilded galleon of Spain flung ashore with a broken back after Philip's Armada, and by the Deedwinnicks of those days so zealously cherished that it might well have trusted itself to the ocean today had its body and three-decked waist and its bows been in place. Or so Cap'n Ben had been heard to aver as he paced it, ascending by a gangway Jim had contrived with a saw and some planks, the better to sweep the waters with his long telescope.

The by-no-means inconsiderable form of Miles Maravin had come within hail, one repeats, of this curious erection, but no hail reached him as so often it did. Nor did he make out, as he almost expected, the figure of his crony upon the tall poop. Nor, again, as his feet were presently crunching the path, could he catch such accustomed sounds behind that thick hedge as indicated that the Cap'n was tending his garden. He raised his brows. It was odd to find Ben Babbage abroad at this hour, and pausing before the wicket fresh with white paint he rattled the latch twice or thrice, and cocked his ears, listening. When no other sound responded, "Ahoy, there!" he shouted and, pushing the wicket open, he strode down the path.

He knew that Cap'n Ben was his own man-of-all-work. His little maid, as he termed the cherry-checked lass who came from the village to make the beds in the morning, would finish her duties and be gone before ten o'clock, not to reappear till four bells in the second dog-watch, when she forwarded the preparations for supper. Yet though thus aware, on finding the house still and empty, those wide round eyes of Miles Maravin widened the more, he pursed his lips, he let out a half-strangled whistle, stood looking round him; then went down the length of the garden, turning his head behind him every few steps to take another glance at the windows and porch.

The little windows were brighter than any new pin, the porch, with its bench either side, as inviting as ever, but neither windows nor porch revealed any presence, nor did the fragrant nook among the sweet herbs, not the pergola with its twining of neatly trimmed fronds, nor that silent and stately poop of the galleon of Spain.

Miles host of the Guadeloupe Inn forthwith mounted that poop. What had taken the Cap'n from home at this hour he knew not, but he knew that the telescope would be there on its swivel, and a telescope and ships well consorted together. An inquisitive lad had baulked his intention just now, but here was instrument better than naked eye, and, chuckling cheerfully, he adjusted the lens to his liking and focussed it upon the ships down below. So intent he stared, with indrawn lips and bent shoulders, that

he caught neither click of the gate nor tread on the path, and only jerked up with a start when his name was pronounced and behold! at the foot of the gangway the telescope's owner.

Cap'n Ben's voice was very gentle, so were his eyes; his jaw was bluff, his hair showed few flecks of frost. In this gentle voice, then, he hailed his preoccupied friend. "So you've marked them," he uttered. "But you'd better step down before the youngster arrives."

Miles Maravin turned his head. "I've just seen him," he answered.

"You've seen him! Where?"

"On the top of the cliff."

The Captain's face changed. "Then I lay he's been staring his fill of those ships," he said wryly. And, hesitating, "I've just come from the Squire," he added.

"Aye," owned Maravin, descending the gangway, "it came to my mind when I didn't find you at home that you'd been sent for to the big house all in a hurry." He lifted his eyebrows. "Well?" he ejaculated.

"Well, or ill, Miles Maravin—who's to say which? With the Squire, as you know, it's to Will and to Do."

"I've heard say that is his motto," responded the innkeeper. "And you yourself?" he inquired in a quick tone.

"You can make it so," answered Cap'n Ben enigmatically.

They were pacing the garden and paused, as he gave this reply, by another of his treasures, the effigy of a female with streaming hair, fashioned of wood and floating perilously forward, as her wont had been when the figurehead of a great ship. Under her lea was a bench upon which they seated themselves, while a robin, which had been busy exploring the grass, looked up at the pair with a pert and considering eye, then drew nearer in a measured series of hops; and had it been a stranger on its first visit it might well have mistaken the two men for effigies also, so still they remained and such was the silence upon them. Till at last the bird came to a perch on Cap'n Ben's foot.

His gentle eyes looked thoughtfully into its pert ones. Then his hand went to the pocket of his pea-jacket and some crumbs of broken biscuit rose to the surface.

"Miles," he said, as he turned to his friend with a grave, troubled smile, "I've never wished to change places before with my robins. But shiver me if I don't now, and that's the plain truth."

"And why's that?" growled that solid fellow Miles Maravin.

"Because it's all plain sailing, I guess, for the robins, but I'm hanged if I'm sure of the course I must set for myself."

So saying, he rose and flicked the crumbs on to the grass.

## CHAPTER 4

### Jim is Alarmed

HIS friend rose too, and they took a turn down the path. "You're thinking of the lad?" he remarked.

"One has to."

"Aye. And it's a pity, I grant you, that they came on him unawares like. He'll rake you with questions. It's thirteen years since he shipped with you, Cap'n, he tells me?"

"Yes, all of thirteen years," said the old seaman thoughtfully. "The lad's father and I were messmates for many a long day, and when he slipped his cable I promised to care for the lad."

"No mother living?"

"He was born at sea and his mother never made port, Miles. So he's come to me, as you might say, out of the sea."

Miles Maravin nodded. "And he's neither brothers nor sisters?"

"Nor kith nor kin that I know of," answered Ben Babbage.

"So what's to do when—"

"Sh!" The Cap'n had caught a light step, and was talking in a loud voice about his chrysanthemums as the boy himself came running into the garden.

His face was flushed; his eyes were dancing excitedly. He began to speak at once in a quick, eager voice, and would have kept Miles Maravin where he was, but that worthy, shooting a guilty glance at his friend, mumbled a word or two and took himself off, while Cap'n Ben stumped doggedly up to the porch where he struck his bell that summoned all hands to lunch.

The meal had been laid ere he left, and, as they sat down, it was natural that Jim should be full of his doings, of those mysterious ships in the bay, of the shell-

Continued on the next page



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hunting stranger. And with barely a word on his lips his companion sat listening, or appearing to listen, though Jim would not answer for that even, so much did the Captain seem withdrawn into himself like someone who was miles away.

But the moment their round of beef and the cheese had been done with he came back to his visible surroundings, and, announcing that he was going on deck to keep watch, he climbed the staircase, more heavily than was his habit, and next his door could be heard pushed to with a clap.

Jim's job was to clear the table, then lay it for tea, and carry their plates to the cook's galley for washing up. And while he was engaged in this occupation, all quietly without any banging or clattering, he thought to hear from Cap'n Ben's cabin upstairs those familiar reverberations, like far-distant thunder, which duly at this hour told how the old gentleman kept his watch. But instead of those gentle trumpetings Jim grew more and more conscious of certain slight, novel sounds, which so startled him, as unaccountably out of routine, that they whisked him at last to the foot of the stairs with his ears pricked.

Beyond dispute, Cap'n Ben was not taking his nap. It sounded as though he were dragging heavy objects across the floor, and opening drawers and thrusting them back into place. Aye, and what's more, he appeared to be acting with caution, almost as though he shrank from being overheard; for every now and again the noise would cease with such abruptness that he could easily have been pictured stopping to listen.

This struck Jim as swiftly as the stroke of a sword, so that he reddened from chin to temples and stole back to his dishcloth and plates. He felt caught out in eaves-dropping, yet puzzled to conceive how the old gentleman could be engaged. Until a heavier thump than any, a dulled sort of jar, uncommonly like one end of a large, studded chest being lowered to the floor and slipping from fingers—how well Jim knew that studded camel's hair chest, that was said to have visited every sea with the Cap'n—brought him up with a start and flutter of pulses.

Cap'n Ben was packing. He was going away. He was sorting his things and packing them for a journey.

Continued in the last column

## JACKO LOSES THE DINNER

**D**URING the hot weather Jacko had been invited to spend a few days with Aunt Amelia.

There was very little going on in the village where Aunt Amelia lived, and before he had been there a couple of days he had begun to wish himself home.

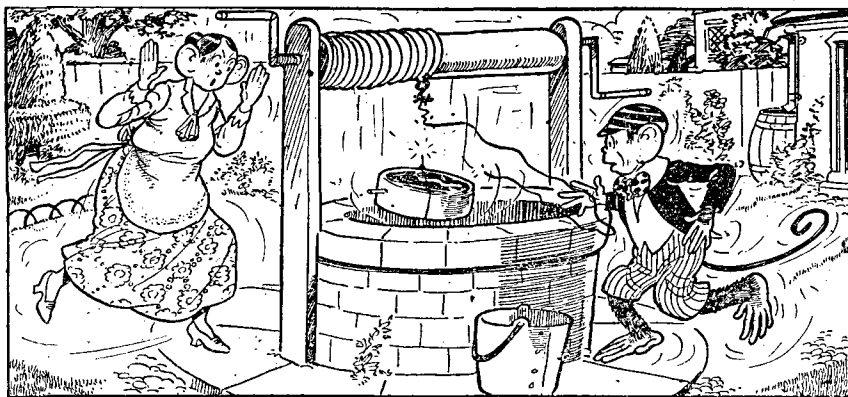
He went—rather suddenly—but it was not until his aunt came over to

"I'll have to cook it early," she said as she flung the muslin carefully over it, "or it won't keep."

Jacko said nothing, but waited his opportunity.

When the coast was clear he snatched up the joint and ran off with it.

In the garden was a well. With a bit of string Jacko fastened the meat to



As Jacko grabbed the string it snapped!

Monkeyville, many weeks later, that Mother Jacko knew the reason why.

Jacko said it was a great shame, nobody with any sense of gratitude would blame him.

Aunt Amelia, according to Jacko, did nothing but grumble, from morning till night, at the trouble she had to keep the food fresh. The milk went sour, the meat went bad directly it got into the house.

Jacko, having nothing else to do, applied his mind to the problem; and, after a lot of thinking, a brilliant idea came to him.

His aunt had just that moment carried a round of beef into the larder.

the pole which held the bucket rope and swung it over. The joint shot down out of sight, and Jacko strolled, whistling, back to the house.

Before long Aunt Amelia was wanting to know what had become of the dinner.

"It's all right, Auntie," said Jacko. "I've put it in a cool place until you're ready to cook it."

"A cool place! Where, dear?"

"In the well," answered Jacko.

Aunt Amelia gave a shriek and rushed out of the house.

Jacko got there first.

And then it happened. As Jacko grabbed the string, it snapped. The joint spun dizzily, and disappeared!

When they met again at tea Jim tried to take soundings, but the old gentleman was as reticent as before; and directly afterwards he went forth with his hat and his stick, leaving Jim in charge till the time for the apple-cheeked lass, his mind on the quest round the riddle, to and fro, like a dog on the scent round some trail.

But with poorer fortune, perhaps, for all Jim could hit on was that Cap'n Ben knew of something queer in the wind: that Miles Maravin, more likely than not, shared his knowledge: and that both lay under a pledge to say nothing about it.

His curiosity remained on the curb, for later came a message not to wait supper. He had the house to himself when he went up to bed, where for a little he lay wide-eyed to listen for the gate, then dozing a little, then waking again.

Until at last, when this grew beyond toleration, he rose and moved across the room to the door.

The flooring creaked as he tiptoed across the landing, and, noiselessly turning the knob of the Captain's door, held the door open ever so little for the sound of heavy breathing, and when he heard none whispered, "Are you awake?"

Only silence responded. He pushed the door back and stepped in. The moonlight sufficed to reveal that the bed was unoccupied.

He had not glanced at his watch before leaving his room, but, back again, he found it was just after midnight. And this stirred him, because no night of all he remembered had kept the Captain out of his bed at eleven. Could anything have happened to Captain Ben?

With increasing restlessness he waited some minutes before he pattered with lighted candle down to the living-room. The supper he had left out was lying untouched. This sent him at once to the door that gave on to the porch, and lowering his light to its bolt he found this unshot.

The discovery set a match to his apprehension that something very amiss had befallen the Captain, whose last act every day was to drive that bolt home. Racing upstairs, he hurried into his clothes, and with his torch in his pocket descended again. He was going into the night to seek Captain Ben.

TO BE CONTINUED

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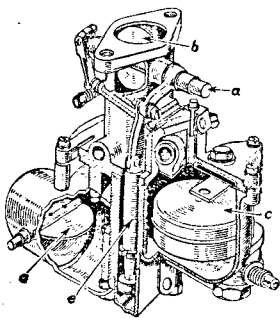
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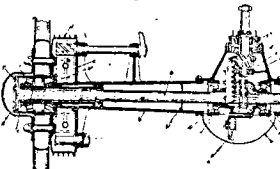
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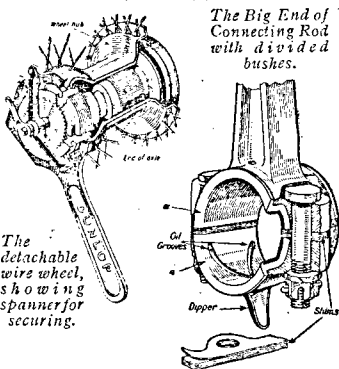
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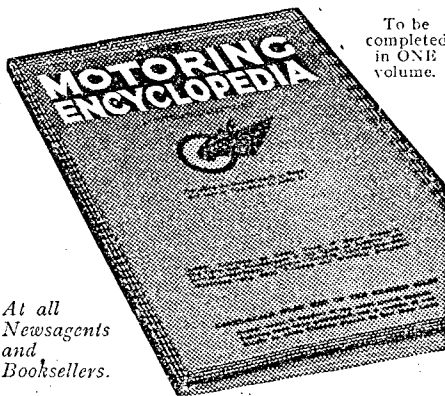
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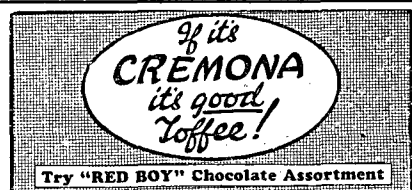
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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 15, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

### Queer Arithmetic

TAKE nine from six, ten from nine, and fifty from forty. Add the remainders and the result will be six.

Can you do this curious sum?  
Answer next week

### Early Days

**Beethoven.** It is remarkable that Beethoven should have become a musician, for in his early days he received treatment which would have made him loathe music for the rest of his life if he had not been a genius.

His father was a drunken wretch who wanted to make the boy a child prodigy like Mozart. He used to come home from the tavern at night and drag his five-year-old son out of bed to make him sit shivering at the harpsichord in his nightgown.

### Ici On Parle Français



La noix Le nid Une aiguille

Je ne puis pas casser cette noix. Il y a quatre œufs dans ce nid. Passez-moi une aiguille et du fil.

### A Bird Puzzle

THE following descriptions are of British birds. Can you recognise them?

Man who examines sunk ships. Machine for moving heavy weights. Grumble. Flags. A wizard who lived in King Arthur's time. Frolic. A famous architect. Letter of the alphabet. Popular toy in windy weather. Flinch. Allow food to pass down one's throat.  
Answer next week

### Peace at Home

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street, There should be peace at home; Where sisters dwell and brothers meet, Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree; And tis a shameful sight When children of one family Fall out and chide and fight.  
Isaac Watts

### Floating Gardens

VISITORS to the city of Mexico are always fascinated by the floating gardens on the lake of Xochimilco. They are known as chinampas, and on them are raised vegetables and flowers for the markets. The islands are formed of masses of water plants covered with soil and fenced with poplar stakes. The stakes send out roots into the water so that

the floating gardens are surrounded by living hedges. Floating gardens may also be seen in parts of Kashmir which are exposed to sudden floods. Crops are grown in soil spread on bamboo rafts, and when a flood comes the rafts simply rise up, carrying the gardens with them.

### Words That Rhyme

EACH couplet gives the clues to two words which are pronounced in the same way, though they are spelled differently and have different meanings.

Trace an inlet of the sea. Eastern potentate is he.

Obstructed—or else marked with stripes. Sweet songs this minstrel poet pipes.

A coin-like, or metal, disc. Interference here you risk.  
Answer next week

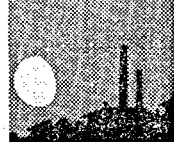
### Trees Break Up an Island

THE little island of Aldabra to the North-West of Madagascar is diminishing in size each year, and may eventually disappear through the action of mangroves. These strange trees grow along the foot of the cliffs all round the island. Where there are any cracks in the rocks the roots of the mangroves force their way and, as the roots grow, very big gaps are formed. Into these the waves dash and soon large sections of the

cliff fall. Many acres of what was once dry land are now under the sea, yet still the mangroves go on with their work of destruction.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Jupiter and Venus are in the South-East, and Mars is in the South.



In the evening Saturn is in the South-West and Uranus is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, October 19.

### What Animal is This?

IN the pouch but not in the bag. In the pull but not in the drag. In the post but not in the stake. In the rouse but not in the wake. In the space but not in the room. In the vault but not in the tomb. In the mirth but not in the glee. Complete its home is in a tree.  
Answer next week

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

**Adding and Taking**  
Trash, thrash; rope, grope; sting, sing; terror, error; round, ground; can, clan; crib, rib; fat, flat.

### Four Words

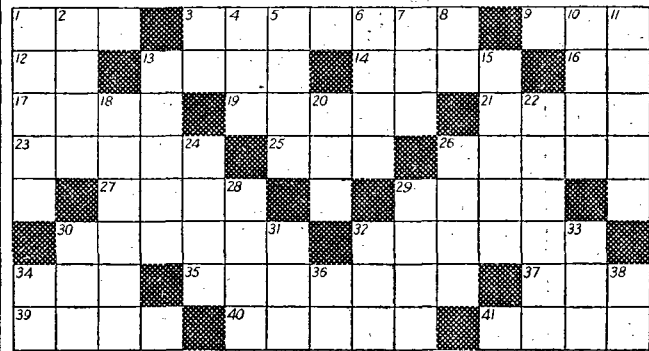
Altering, integral, relating, triangle

### A Built-Up Word. Car-pet

**Can You Find It?**  
Pack (of wolves); of Wolf Cubs; pack luggage; pack of cards; soldier's pack).

## The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. A line of light. 3. Luggage. 9. Dexterity. 12. Indefinite article. 13. Demand. 14. A large printing type. 16. That is. 17. An island. 19. Loaded. 21. The back part of the neck. 23. Mixed vegetables eaten raw. 25. Royal Astronomical Society. 26. Bird of the heron family. 27. A god of Northern mythology. 29. Old. 30. A tree-lined walk. 32. A plume. 34. Unit of French square measure. 35. Messages. 37. To capture by stratagem. 39. A land measure. 40. Alights. 41. A heavenly body.

**Reading Down.** 1. To lift up. 2. Indian equivalent to the penny. 3. Bachelor of Arts. 4. Every one. 5. Ornaments. 6. Imitates. 7. A snare. 8. London postal district. 10. Mature. 11. Dentures. 13. Gloom. 15. Wrath. 18. A fodder plant. 20. A flounder. 22. Fervent. 24. To take dinner. 26. Ova. 28. To indent on an edge. 29. Helps. 30. Part of a circle. 31. A period. 32. Conjunction. 33. A beverage. 34. Automobile Association. 36. One. 38. Transpose.\*

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

MRS BROOMBY first finished her tea and then came to business. "How are the clippings, Polly?" she asked.

"I'll fetch them," said Mrs Homely; "I was wanting your advice." And she went to the cupboard under the stairs and brought out a bulky sack.

Old Sally Broomby examined its contents; then she looked at the fireplace; then she muttered, "Five-by-three, five-by-three"; and finally announced, "Prodding can start."

"Well, you know best," said Mrs Homely, "I'll send Sam for the frame tomorrow, and we'll all prod next night. Tell the others on your way home, will you, Sally? Good-bye, dear!"

What did all this mean, prodding and clipping and frames? Well, it was Mrs Homely's turn to make a hearthrug. The cottagers in the village made their rugs in turn, because no one by herself could collect enough old clothes to make clippings sufficient for a whole rug. But when everyone joined there was soon a good collection of odds and ends of worn-out suits and costumes, or corduroy breeches, or old hats and caps, or horse-rugs and blankets.

The good parts of these had to be cut into little strips; then these had to be 'prodded' into the mesh of a coarse canvas stretched on a frame; and so a rug was made. The actual making was the occa-

sion for prodding-parties, when the womenfolk gathered to help and gossip.

Three days after Mrs Broomby's visit Polly Homely's hearthrug was finished, except for a small central square. The rug was a work of art in squares of black and blue and grey.

"We want some red for the centre bit," said Sally.

But there were no red clippings, only the blacks and blues and greys of old clothes.

Mrs Homely jumped up. "I know!" she said. "The very thing!" and then continued excitedly to her husband, who was squeezed in a corner by the fire, "Sam, fetch Squire's coat!"

"For clippings?" asked Sam, shocked.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### His Forte

BLACK: Come along and spend the evening with us, old man. My daughter will play and sing, and at nine o'clock we have supper.

White: I'll be along at nine sharp.

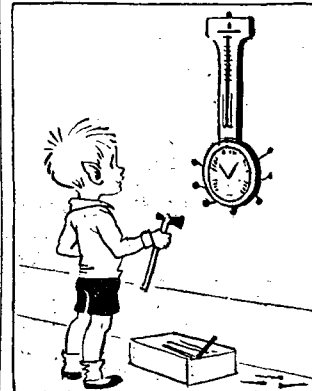
### Nothing But the Truth

THE new maid was not at all sure of her duties, but she was anxious to learn.

"When I announce the evening meal do I say 'Dinner is ready' or 'Dinner is served'?" she asked her mistress.

"If it is like yesterday's," was the reply, "just say 'Dinner is burned.'"

### A Storm Approaching



THE barometer's falling! It's really appalling (Said Daddy, when going to town). But if everything fails These few big strong nails Should keep it from tumbling down.

### A Loud Thinker

THE bye-election candidate was waxing enthusiastic.

"And then," he thundered, "I heard the voice of the people calling me."

"Heard yourself thinking out loud," yelled the heckler.

### He Admitted It

A CONCEITED young actor, giving evidence in a court of law, described himself as the greatest tragedian in the world. A candid friend twitted him with this later. "Yes," said the actor, "it must have sounded rather like conceit. But you must remember I was on oath."

### Their Introduction

SNIP: You remember when we met in the revolving door?

Snap: Rather; that was when we started going round together.

## THE SQUIRE'S OLD COAT

"Yes," said his wife, "it's no use—it's worn out."

"Aye, but—" Sam hesitated, "it was a gift from Squire."

"Squire's dead—long since," answered Polly.

So Sam brought the Squire's old sports coat, a brown-ginger tweed. When the Squire had given it to Sam the old gentleman had said, "It's a bit worn, Sam; but it's got good pockets," and had laughed. Sam had blushed a bit; he saw a reference to poaching.

Polly Homely took the coat, and while Sam sighed she cut out the lining. And as she cut she came on a little pocket in the lining. She undid its stitches—and out fell ten neatly-folded pound-notes!

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